The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XV NO. 10 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1937 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
Noah's Ark: the Making of Webster's

BERNARD DEVOTO
Reviews "The Late George Apley" by John P. Marquand

JOHN HUTCHENS
Reviews "Scenery Then and Now" by Donald Oenslager

DAVID OWEN
Reviews "The Reign of Elizabeth" by J. B. Black

CRANE BRINTON
Reviews "War Our Heritage" by Joseph P. Lash and James A. Wechsler

Underwood & Underwood

JOHN P. MARQUAND

"Whereas Santayana approached the stock of the Puritans by way of the theory of Puritanism, Mr. Marquand approaches them by way of their lives" . . .

(See page 5)

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"N. B." also means NOTABLE BOOKS

BARREN METAL
by
NAOMI JACOB

A new novel by the author of "Four Generations," "The Loaded Stick," etc., whose books on Jewish life have gained her an enviable place among contemporary writers. This is distinguished for its characterization as well as for its gripping plot. $2.50

FEDERAL JUSTICE
by
HOMER CUMMINGS and CARL McFARLAND

Hitherto unwritten chapters from the files and records of the Attorneys General and the Department of Justice make up this intimate story of American law and life as it reveals itself in the letters and papers of Presidents, cabinet officers and judges. $4.00

WE OR THEY
(Two Worlds in Conflict)
by
HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

The editor of "Foreign Affairs" sees two rival and wholly incompatible conceptions of life—the democratic and the dictatorial—locked in an unescapable conflict all over the world. He tells why and how he thinks the dictators can be beaten in the struggle. $1.50

PAMELA'S DAUGHTERS
RALPH P. UTTER
GWENDOLYN NEEDHAM

Lovers of literature will rejoice in this rich and stimulating book on heroines in English literature from the time of Richardson's "Pamela" to the present day. Amusing and original, it gives a new perspective on the novel. $3.50

Now Ready!
WHO'S WHO
for
1937

The eighty-ninth volume of this famous and indispensable reference work contains more than 40,000 brief biographies of outstanding men and women in all lines of activity. Citizens of Europe, Asia and America are included. $15.00

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

M · A · C · M · I · L · L · A · N
SIXTY · FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

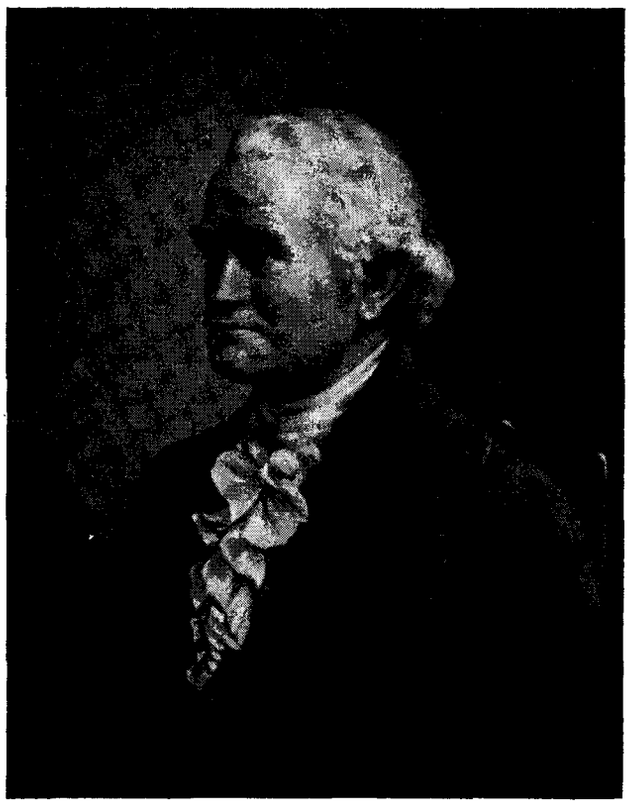
Noah's Ark

The Origin and Making of Webster's International Dictionary

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE ark went forth on the waters of the Deluge to preserve every variety of living thing. There was also that ancient Hebrew chest of acacia wood, the ark of testimony. But the ark that the second Noah launched at the beginning of the nineteenth century in America was a book to preserve a living language, bearing in it his implicit testimony to "the wonderful structure of language, and its progress from a few simple terms, expressive of natural objects, which supplied the wants or affected the senses of unlettered men, thro a series of ingenious combinations, to express new ideas, growing with the growth of the human mind, to its highest state of refinement." Note that "thro," by the way! Webster was one of our earliest simplified spellers.

So it all started with an extraordinary Connecticut Yankee, born in West Hartford in 1758. I am speaking of Webster's Dictionary!



NOAH WEBSTER

Today, when one sits down to the Second Edition Unabridged of Webster's New International Dictionary, published by the G. & C. Merriam Company of Springfield, Massachusetts (And I say "sits down *to*" advisedly!), one necessarily marvels at the mountainous labor involved in its compilation, but its original and "onlie begetter" is a dim figure indeed. There is, however, Harry R. Warfel's book of this year concerning Noah Webster, in which he is called "Schoolmaster to America."

That book shows Webster as a country pedagogue with a keen eye to the defects of the country schools of his time; one who early saw the grave need for a national system of education; the author of a small, blue-backed, fourteen-penny spelling-book that carried his own Declaration of Independence from "European modes of thought, fashion, and manners"; a judge and legislator; one who had gathered material for the first history of epidemic diseases; an experimenter in science; a student of economics; "by inheritance a theologian"; a lecturer and editor; and one familiar with many languages. He also possessed that prime requisite of a great lexicographer, he was "a born definer of words." Even though he actually created but one word, "demoralize" (his many enemies of the time would have considered it significant!), he corrected many of the errors of the Great Cham of the eighteenth century. As illustrating the kind of Samuel Johnsonisms he took pains to avoid, read what he says (in a deliciously lyrical fashion!) in the preface to his first (1806) dictionary:

> How easy would it be to call a plant a monander, a pentander, a monogyn, or a pentagyn; thus denoting the class or order by a single term; then to form regular adjectives from these words, and express the class and order in two words, as, a pentandrian monogyn, a syngenesian monecian, a minogynian icosander, a trigynian decander.

When one contemplates this almost incredibly active life of the mind that was Webster's, spanning eighty-five years—that of one who in 1785 made one of the first proposals for a constitutional government with authority to be vested in Congress—who strove always for the unified education of an infant nation—who at the age of twenty-five began pioneer work with a spelling-book which eventually went all over the land and sold many million copies a year (he was too wise to experiment with his simplified spelling theories in his speller), who at the age of forty-five projected "A Dictionary of the American Language," and carried through his enormous scheme against all manner of abuse and calumny in his aging years—when one contemplates these few simple facts merely, Noah Webster emerges saliently from the background of his time. He was also, moreover, a remarkable moralist, and took an important part in founding Amherst College. If he was also opinionated, touchy, and arrogant, too much a self-elected Prompter, too boastful of his own superiority over all competitors; in fact, if he had many faults in his pugnacious nature—why, he likewise labored indefatigably for his country, sacrificed much emolument, and, as his latest biographer has said,

> Across the prairies and over the Rocky Mountains his carefully marshaled columns of words marched like warriors against the ignorance that tended to disrupt the primitive society of thinly spread and localized culture of America.

Yet my title for this article springs from one jibe among hundreds directed against his original plan for a dictionary that should introduce and define words not to be found in any English dictionary then extant—a jibe at the beginning of

Next Week

PROLETARIANITIS
By V. F. CALVERTON

THE SOUND OF RUNNING FEET
By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE
Reviewed by Frances Woodward

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the nineteenth century from the editor of the Boston *Palladium*.

> Let, then, the projected volume of *foul* and *unclean* things bear his own christian name and be called NOAH'S ARK.

What a boomerang that jibe has proved!

Noah Webster's first dictionary of 1806 contained 38,000 words. Its title was "A Compendious Dictionary of the English Language," and it added five thousand words to the "best English compends," containing also certain encyclopaedic material. The next year he began upon his larger work, and during his twenty years' labor upon it he moved to Amherst and returned again to New Haven, to which city he had first removed with his family. "An American Dictionary of the English Language" appeared in two quarto volumes in 1828. Webster had gone abroad for a year, to Paris and England, to complete his work upon it, and it was finished at the University of Cambridge.

Besides attending exhaustively to "the origin, affinities and primary signification of English words," this dictionary—the first American unabridged—was a landmark of orthography and pronunciation, demonstrating Webster's genius for definitions (with numerous authorities and illustrations) and supplying "An Introductory Dissertation on the Origin, History and Connection of the Languages of Western Asia and Europe, and a concise grammar of the English Language." He notes that whereas Walker, Johnson, Sheridan, Jones, and Perry had about 38,000 words and the American edition of Todd's Johnson about 58,000, "in the work now submitted to the public, the number has been increased to *seventy* thousand." Twelve thousand of these words, as well as between thirty and forty thousand definitions, had appeared in no earlier dictionary. The volumes sold for twenty dollars a set, and an edition of 2,500 copies sufficed for thirteen years, owing to the size and expense of the work. The second edition of 1840, corrected and enlarged (at fifteen dollars a set) had a small sale. The revision of an appendix was completed several days before Webster's death in New Haven in 1843. The present publishers of Webster's Dictionary quote the words of one of the original Merriams, that Webster's *magnum opus* was thus left "lying stranded like Robinson Crusoe's boat, a vessel too big for the builder to launch."

At this point the successors to Noah Webster's gigantic and almost unaided efforts enter upon the scene. George and Charles Merriam, who had started in their uncle's print-shop at West Brookfield, Mass., set up as retail booksellers and publishers in Springfield. They began by publishing school readers. They also sold toothbrushes, pencils, paper, and Bibles! On the death of Webster,

Kitson & Neumann

MERRIAM EDITORS AT WORK ON "WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL"
On the wall is a picture of Samuel Johnson.

they acquired by purchase from his heirs all rights in his dictionary, including the unsold remainder of the second edition. For this they paid three thousand dollars. But the Merriams so increased the dictionary's value that when the copyright was renewed they paid the Webster family a quarter of a million dollars. Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich, Webster's son-in-law and literary heir, was installed as editor, and the work was completely revised, a new one-volume edition being published in 1847, to sell at six dollars.

The Merriams had also taken over all abridgments of the dictionary as well as the little blue-backed "American Spelling Book" of much earlier fame. From the royalties on this little book, the sale of which had reached the proportions of seventy *million* copies by 1890, Webster—despite his frequently sacrificing future royalties for cash and his being defrauded by unethical publishers—made a steady income of five thousand dollars a year, which enabled him to give his time to his large dictionary. The Merriams now leased the speller and the dictionary's abridgments to other publishing houses, and concentrated their efforts upon "the big book."

Recently I made a pilgrimage to Springfield, to see what I could find out concerning the later history of this dictionary which by a certain member of my family is known as "Gideon"—a tangential reference to those omnipresent Bibles of the Gideon Society which adorn hotel guest rooms and Pullman cars throughout the country—for, as Webster's biographer says, "Dictionaries belong in a class with sacred writings, so venerated are these volumes." I found the Merriam Company offices in the Myrick Building near the centre of town, off Main Street, and was soon on the eighth floor and talking to Mr. Robert C. Munroe, President of the company. From the wall of his office looked down upon me Edwin Burrage Child's portrait of wise father Noah, in his violet-colored, broad-lapeled coat, with his snowy hair and neckcloth. The portrait by the famous inventor, Samuel F. B. Morse, is more severe and less venerable.

Mr. Munroe spoke of the blue-backed speller, of Webster's various interests, of the proposal of 1850 in the Massachusetts legislature—seven years after Webster's death—that a copy of Webster's large dictionary be placed in every district school in the state. This had come about quite without any suggestion from the Merriam Company. The state authorized an order for three thousand copies. A little later ten thousand copies of the dictionary were placed in New York State schools. Its nation-wide acceptance as a school authority was beginning. In 1859 the publishers first introduced supplementary sections of classified illustrations (out of which have grown the present magnificent plates), new words, and tables of synonyms. During the period of the Civil War, there was a thorough revision, and the year before the war ended, the fifth Webster's Unabridged was published, the editor then being Dr. Noah Porter, later President of Yale. The edition of 1847 was now withdrawn.

With the revision of 1890, Webster's

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XV, No. 10, January 2, 1937. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Brahmin Way of Life

THE LATE GEORGE APLEY. By John P. Marquand. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

MR. MARQUAND subtitles his book, "A Novel in the Form of a Memoir," but he carries the parallel with "The Last Puritan" only a little farther than those words. He is a much poorer philosopher than Santayana, and a much better novelist. His book therefore makes better reading. I ask leave to assert that therefore also what it has to say about Boston is more profound. For whereas Santayana approached the stock of the Puritans by way of the theory of Puritanism, Mr. Marquand approaches them by way of their lives, relying on the Biblical assurance that by their fruits shall they be known. Santayana's hero, bolstered by a moral and metaphysical doctrine, ended in tragedy; Mr. Marquand's is bolstered by nothing more than amenity and gets no farther than dignity. As an assertion about the Brahmin way of life, Mr. Marquand's observation is rather more devastating.

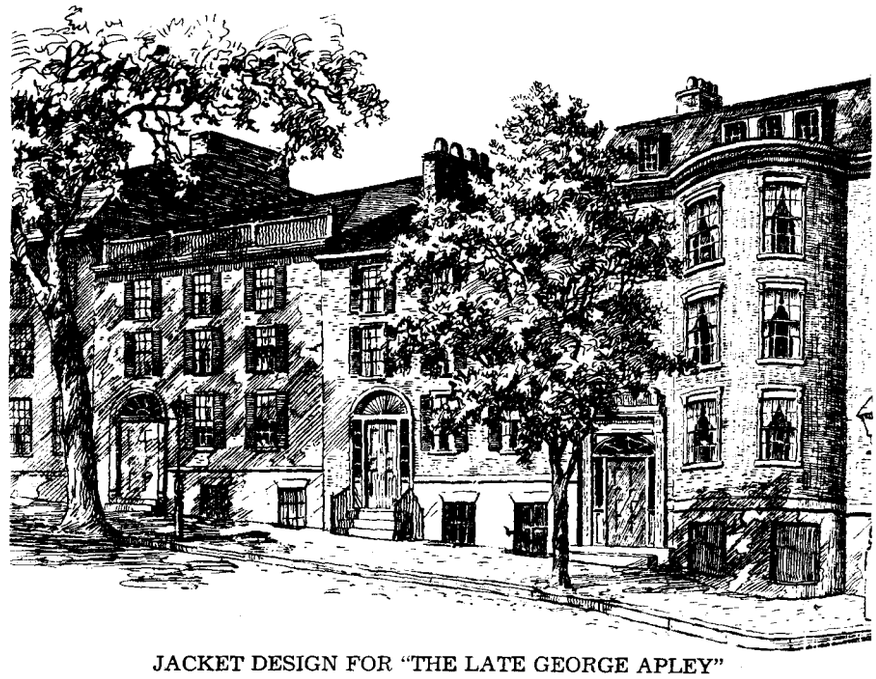
"The Late George Apley" is an essay in a rare and difficult *genre*. It is satire, but it is satirical by indirection only; it is cast in a delicate irony, one that smiles, sympathizes, and almost forgives; it relies for effect entirely on tone, risking the indifference of the hard of hearing. And, except for one bad blemish, it comes off superbly. Just how thoroughly it can be appreciated by those who have not some first-hand experience of its subject I do not know. But for those who have, it is crowded with delights, a continuous satisfaction that sometimes rises to ecstasy. It provokes that clear mirth of the mind which enjoys the finality of the hit and is the sharper because the heart answers the offence at which the blow is struck. So quietly done that it seems unpretentious, the book is an achievement of a high order. This is a Marquand we have not seen since "Lord Timothy Dexter."

George Apley was the head of a Boston family whose wealth originated, as the biographer is careful to let us know, a generation before the Cabots'. The memoir is written for private circulation by the official biographer of dead Bostonians—and the overtones in his own self-revelation are the best thing in the book. Forced by Apley's son to include matter which had troubled no earlier pages of his, he deals with it as he can: disturbed because an amenity has been broken but never aware that its basis has been betrayed. Apley's forebears brought courage to their lives, Apley brings it only to his death. They had convictions, he has only conventions. His story is that he could have no story. He is imprisoned not so much by caste as by habits, disciplined not so much by a code as by a phobia, sacrificed not so much to a tradition or an aristocratic way of life as to an etiquette. He is not tragic, he is at best pathetic, and his pathos is not even that of gallant weakness but of a tremulous apathy.

His life composes no saga but is gorgeously supplied with details, all of them minted from Brahmin ore and some of them painfully historical. From the occasion when the seven-year-old George is nauseated while reciting Burke's speech on conciliation, to the letter in which he gives his son instructions for his funeral, these details have been supplied from a loving, understanding, and malicious heart. Apley's life was a process of being bewildered by, rebelling momentarily against, accepting, being grateful for, and finally taking refuge behind the organized family discipline and caste amenity of Beacon Street. A civilization primarily female, or perhaps primarily epicene, at first troubled but finally solaced him. He wanted to marry a little Irish girl (and this is the blemish on Mr. Marquand's book, sentimentalizing a character too well drawn and a book too robust to need sentimentality) but he did not. He married a Brahmin and his wife's parents joined their daughter on the honeymoon and both bride and bridegroom were relieved, for Rye Beach was a long way from Boston and two weeks was a long time to be alone. He caused some talk in his old age by going for bird walks on Sunday morning with a woman who had been a childhood friend. At first he complained that it was hard to get away from Boston and the family, even in Europe, even in the woods, but on his last trip abroad his friends were a defence against foreigners and the fountains of Rome made him send back directions about the plumbing at his house in Milton. His son married a divorcée and his daughter a Middlewesterner, but the divorcée proved to have excellent ancestors and the daughter allowed the family to save its face by moving away. The son moved to New York, but he came back and George Apley died reassured.

It is matters like these, slight, all but intangible, but achingly true, that give the book both its charm and its depth. The papers written for various clubs, the clubs themselves, the regulated games and costumes at Pequod Island, the unfortunate behavior of a relative who buried another member of the clan nearer the center of the Mt. Auburn plot than her branch was entitled to be—there are hundreds of such Boston items exquisitely in key. Apley's genuine dignity is in key just as thoroughly, and his charities, his Spartan acceptance of his obligations, his pride, his defence of such standards as he understands, his willingness to sacrifice himself to them.

As a novel it is, except for the sentimental episodes associated with Mary Monahan, beautifully sustained—an achievement of great skill in an extremely difficult form. As Boston, it leaves much still to be said. Apley is true to his caste: he is not all of that caste. It has more courage than Mr. Marquand gives Apley. It also has more intellectual arrogance and more cold brutality. You will not understand the Sacco-Vanzetti case from reading it, and you will not understand the permitted reign of Mr. Curley. That, of course, does not impugn the novel in any way, for George Apley, in a good many incarnations at this moment, does not understand them either.



JACKET DESIGN FOR "THE LATE GEORGE APLEY"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Artist of the Theatre

SCENERY THEN AND NOW. By Donald Oenslager. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by JOHN K. HUTCHENS

SINCE the current theatrical season began last August, Donald Oenslager has designed nine settings for the New York stage, and there may be another any minute. "An Oenslager year," is Broadway's phrase for it. All kinds of shows, too—the fast and ribald musical comedy, "Red, Hot and Blue!"; Paul Green's fantastic medley of folk humor and war horror, "Johnny Johnson"; the eccentric, warm, and gadget-filled comedy, "You Can't Take It With You."

Of these—or, indeed, of Broadway at all—Mr. Oenslager says little or nothing in "Scenery Then and Now." But by implication he says much, and when you finish his book you know why he is so excellent a designer—that is to say, an artist who is also a working craftsman.

Since Robert Edmond Jones startled the American theatre in 1915 with his settings for "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," a vast deal has been written of the significance of the scenic designer. A lot of it has been nonsense, and sometimes rather alarming—though no such horrific vision has risen on these shores as Gordon Craig's *Übermarionette*, which would clear the stage of every living presence save that of the designer, leaving the latter in grand and final control. What is significant is that the practical scenic designers themselves have indulged in very little of this sort of thing. They have been too busy at their job of conceiving a plan and seeing it through the hurly-burly of Times Square production.

Mr. Oenslager is one of them. And if he now takes pen in hand, it is for no misty discussion of dreams for which no theatre will ever have enough room and no "angel" enough gold. His interest here is the visual theatre's past, its conventions and traditions. And thereafter "to discover and restore their original purposes, and also to devise ways and means of putting them to work in our theatre." And from there he proceeds in a series of essays, starting with that Greek theatre which "was the first true theatre form."

His discoveries are not startling, but his process of selection is illuminating, and his approach is that of living theatrical scholarship—a vivid introduction, in terms of pictorial writing, to each of the theatre's great epochs; the problems and opportunities a designer sees in typical masterpieces; the designer's—Mr. Oenslager's—illustrated solution of those problems, his reaction to opportunities.

Of the projects set forth and finely pictured here, about half have been realized in production—Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in special performances on Broadway; "The Emperor Jones," "Brand," and Otway's "Venice Preserved" at the Yale Theatre; "Tristan and Isolde" at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. But actual production is beside the point that he is making; in effect, that the theatre is never static, that any great work is many-sided, that revaluation in terms of today's stagecraft is possible and often imperative.

It has been said before, and with more detail and finish than Mr. Oenslager is saying it here. He is not first of all a writing man, and his little essays are better considered as extended captions to his pictures. For instance, he notes simply that Greek tragedy is "plain dull" as theatre "unless it is magnificently done"—and he shows how it can be in this very different civilization; and though the "Cid" was first played against a pseudo-classic French setting, "why not set it in seventeenth century Spain"—where, after all, it was intended to be? Mr. Oenslager does, and the drama of cloak and sword takes on new fire and beauty.

The 1920's heard much of schools. You belonged to expressionism then, or "simplified realism," or something. That all seems more than a little silly now, save as passing experiment. Mr. Oenslager belongs to the theatre that is an organism of steady growth, learning and adapting as it goes and salvaging what is worthy in its past. Above all, the theatre of living actors on a living stage. To the doctrinaires lingering in ivory towers that probably smacks of compromise and the marketplace. On Broadway, where a man can believe in beauty but has to be something of an engineer to achieve it, it is only common sense.

John K. Hutchens is a member of the New York Times *Dramatic Department.*

THE SLAVE SHIP—*Design by Donald Oenslager for "The Emperor Jones."*

Hilaire Belloc's Theory of History

CHARACTERS OF THE REFORMATION. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

HERE are twenty-three short sketches of the personalities decisive, in Mr. Belloc's opinion, in the Reformation and in the ensuing battle between Protestantism and Catholicism. The information conveyed is elementary, and the language is meticulously clear and simple. But in spite of its popular form, this is perhaps the book from which Mr. Belloc's position as a historian can be most accurately judged. He has never written more vigorously and succinctly, and he has compressed his whole series of full length biographies from Wolsey to Richelieu so ably as to make the longer works practically superfluous to anyone seeking to understand his method and point of view.

The present state of Europe, he holds, is the direct result of the religious revolution four hundred years ago; the author of all our woes was king Henry VIII. The [Lutheran] revolt in Germany was "wild and indeterminate in character; there was bound to come a reaction against it on the part of the forces of order, and Europe would have regained its religious unity had not England broken away." But Henry VIII, a weak man, misled by his lust for Anne Boleyn, precipitated the "tragic catastrophe" which turned Eng-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAMES I
Drawing by Jean Charlot, from "Characters of the Reformation."

land and a great part of Europe away from Christian civilization. Thus began a two hundred year long struggle in which the forces of [Catholic] civilization sought to reassert Christian unity, but were partially defeated by the machinations of bad men and failings of weak ones.

Mr. Belloc's picture of the world has the advantage of being perfectly simple, an advantage enjoyed by most writers throughout the Middle Ages from Orosius to Bossuet: history is seen as an endless struggle between the hosts of good and evil with Divine Providence as a kind of partial referee, blowing the whistle whenever it looks as if virtue would be too decisively beaten, but permitting the children of darkness to make enough points to keep both teams on their toes and the final score in doubt. In this light, judgments about the men engaged are easy; one needs only to know who is on which side. Thus, Cranmer was miserably weak, a moral coward; Queen Elizabeth "interesting as a pathological case"; Oliver Cromwell "cruel . . . greedy . . . fanatical"; but the emperor Ferdinand II, who was determined to make Germany either Catholic or a desert and who nearly succeeded in making it both, "had the highest courage and the finest personal character" and "sympathy with the masses and the humblest of his people." At least, with what he left of them. There are no characterizations of Philip II, the Duke of Alva, or the authors of the massacre of St. Batholomew, and none, for that matter, of Luther, Calvin, or Zwingli, who are not important in this view of history, but one knows what would be said of them. Mr. Belloc's whole theory of history is now explicit.

The twenty-three accompanying portraits by Jean Charcot could not be more appropriate to the text: a number of them are vigorously and attractively drawn; most of them are frankly caricatures; several bear no perceptible resemblance to any original, and appear quite fanciful.

A Song for Exiles

THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT. By Jolán Foldës. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

PARIS is said to be everybody's second homeland, and in the case of political exiles it has always been unquestionably their first. In particular have the decades immediately after the World War been casting adrift group after group of citizens who awake one day to find their own governments their chief peril. They come to Paris, to those little international hotels along the Seine, to such isolated dead-end lanes as the Rue du Chat-Qui-Pêche, to the bistros at which they congregate to conspire or remember, as personality dictates. It is about these lives that Jolán Foldës has written her enchanting, prize-winning book. For this is the Hungarian novel that has been declared winner of the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition, in which John McIntyre's recent "Steps Going Down" was the American prize entry.

The choice seems for many reasons a happy one. The international nature of its materials is of course an obvious blessing and must have commended the book at once to the judges. How, for instance, could Mr. McIntyre's closely, even provincially, American book, with its detailed attention to metropolitan tough hombres and smart lingo, have gone forth to an international audience as the best literary product of eleven nations? And what would such an audience have made of his ephemeral characters, who dwelt in a great American city yet showed nowhere, in thought or action, any trace of the large social forces that stir people everywhere in the world? It is strange, and a sign of her strength, that Miss Foldës's characters, who are patently fish quite out of water and thrashing about in an alien element, have nevertheless so much closer a bond with life than do Mr. McIntyre's, are so real separately and collectively.

They form a kind of reverse image of European politics. The coming of Rivera to Spain means that Alvarez the anarchist comes to the Street of the Fishing Cat. Rivera's defeat recalls the anarchist, and the royalist Duke appears to take his place. Lenin's coming to power has its repercussions, and there are new tenants in the little hotel,—the banker, the prince, and the dissenting Menshevik. Hitler rises, and the communists come, the union leaders, the liberal professors. They are in perpetual tension, like parts of a fine-spun web trembling sensitively with every distant political tremor. Hear them speak, see their frustrate gestures of nobility or despair, watch their half-hearted struggle to sink old roots into new ground, and you discover some of the obscurer truths about contemporary Europe.

There are humbler, less embattled exiles, like the Hungarian family that forms the core about which the others swirl. The Barabas family would have made a book all by themselves, so clearly presented is the character and emotional life of each. The reader may soon forget Bardichinov, or Istvan, but he will not readily forget the tender gallery of Barabas portraits, Gyula, or Anna, or the amazing Klari. They seem fresh, new in fiction, because Miss Foldës uses for them a prose style so unspoiled as to seem new-minted. It is not a literary style, not rich in artifice, not subtle, but a simple and sensuous writing that perhaps painters would use. The effect thus achieved is one of color and shadow, of expression directly translated as though by touch or sight, of the charm and readability we have come to associate, sadly, only with children's books. This prize novel is altogether a satisfying experience, and one which ought somewhat to revive our faith in prizes.

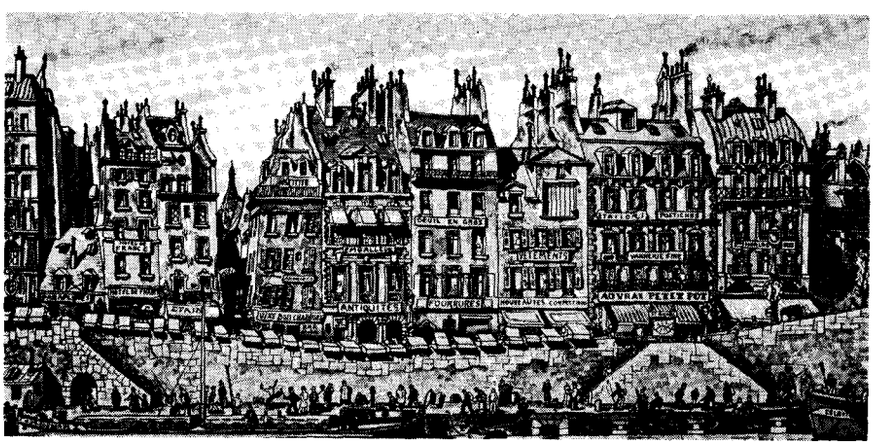


ILLUSTRATION FOR THE END PAPERS OF "THE STREET OF THE FISHING CAT"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing Editors
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1937, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

A Hard Life

MR. HARRISON'S letter on the opposite page raises questions so fundamental in the conduct of a literary journal that they must be answered in detail. Unquestionably the author of a book which has been misrepresented in a review is at a disadvantage. A reviewer may produce with a few careless words a misconception which cannot be set right in less than several hundred, and if there have been several such passages in the review a reasonable answer may extend beyond an editor's willingness to print and a subscriber's to read. It is also a fact that the advantage always lies with the original statement: a reader is likely to be more impressed by the review than by the answer, and tends to attribute to the author a quite different motive than unselfish love of truth. A malicious reviewer may damage a book beyond repair, a merely careless one may seriously misrepresent it, and the editor who is responsible for both the writing and the publishing of the review should not be permitted to evade his responsibility. Granted that there can be no perfect solution, what is the best one obtainable?

Before tackling that question, however, the editor would like to demur to some of Mr. Harrison's assertions, which surely overstate the case. It is not the desire of *The Saturday Review* to hedge nor, we believe, its practice. And "a modicum of care" seems an ungenerous description of the process that gets more attention than any other in this office. No reviewer is selected for a book of any importance at all without the concurrence of at least three editors—and please bear in mind that part of an editor's qualifications is knowing something about the competence of reviewers. Frequently the editors consult, by telephone, wire, or mail, several authorities in the field before assigning a book. Furthermore, they scrutinize with the greatest care every review that is sent in to them—and send it back for correction or rewriting whenever they have any reason to question it. Nothing is commoner than to wire to a reviewer, "In your third paragraph you say thus and so. Can you support the statement? What is your authority?" We may have offended some authors, but do not forget that we are constantly offending reviewers by requiring them to be unequivocal and factual and to convince us that they have grounds for what they say.

As for misrepresentations of fact and unjust characterizations of the books reviewed, there is no question where *The Saturday Review* stands. If a reviewer has made misstatements of fact about a book, we will publish any relevant correction that the author or anyone else sends in. The word "relevant" has to be inserted in that sentence to insist that there is a difference between fact and opinion, between misrepresentation and disagreement; and it is true, unfortunately or not, that the editor must be the final judge of relevance. But with that reservation, the platform stands as stated. We will do our utmost to repair any injury we have caused.

Actually, few misstatements of fact are made by reviewers, and Mr. Harrison's real complaint is not directed at them. It is rather directed at a reviewer's being permitted to impugn the facts or disagree with the opinions stated in a book, unless he is a qualified authority on the field at issue. At a reviewer's condemning opinions with which he does not happen to be in sympathy, unless his disagreement is supported by competent knowledge. At a reviewer's using a book he is reviewing to further his own ideas, his own causes, his own interests, or even his own vanity, at the expense of the book. At a reviewer's privilege of dismissing in a few minutes and a few words, and those words possibly ignorant or prejudiced, a book which may represent years of careful work by an authority in the field. Stated thus, Mr. Harrison's objections have great force, but the editor is disposed to deny that there is as much editorial or critical irresponsibility as Mr. Harrison's opening paragraphs suggest. In any weekly magazine of opinion some special pleading must occasionally appear, and it is all the harder to detect when the editors, who are against special pleading, happen to agree with it in the specific instance. It is also true that there will be some hasty opinion, and rather more unqualified assertion that would better have been qualified and explained at greater length. But Mr. Harrison's letter ignores the time element that produces most of it, and ignores also the fact that the public, the subscribers, are concerned in the matter and require the establishment of a working compromise.

Thus, his second proposal is impractical. It could be applied to only a very few books, and the audience for whom such books are intended is one of specialists, not the educated but unspecialized reading public for whom *The Saturday Review* is edited. The proper place for final critical judgment on the work of specialists is the professional journals of specialists. Only there can the analysis and appraisal of such work be conducted at exhaustive length by completely qualified persons. *The Saturday Review* cannot, does not, and properly should not pretend to final authority about such books. Its job is first of all to tell its readers what a book *is*, and then to express a competent but not necessarily final opinion about how good it is. Let no one suppose that that is an easy task, that persons fitted to perform it are easily found, or that the editors are unaware of their responsibility. Our ideal reviewer —now for the first time defined—is a person who is a specialist in the field and so knows what he is talking about, once wanted to be a novelist and so knows how to express what he thinks, and has been around and so knows what the world is like. Such a person will treat a book honestly, fairly, and intelligently.

Most of the books that must be considered in this magazine are not susceptible to exact, objective treatment by a specialist. Most of them are not factual and cannot be factually considered. Most of them are devoted to opinion, speculation, taste, or some other intangible that can be treated only relatively and comparatively. Anything that anyone may say about such books is sure to be open to argument. At best, reviews of them must be grounded on opinion, and opinion is challengeable. Is it not enough, with such books, to require the reviewer to possess intellectual integrity, to be intelligent, and to know what he is talking about? If he has integrity he will not misrepresent a book, and if he is intelligent and informed about it, can a literary magazine, a reader, or even an author, ask him to be more? At least, the necessity of informing our readers with decent promptness, the limitations of space, and perhaps too humble a conception of human capability restrain us from seeking more. Within the limits imposed by those necessities, we are quite willing to accept Mr. Harrison's first proposal. Bearing in mind that the burden of proof is on the complainant, we are willing to denounce on this page any reviewer who is proved to us to have completely misrepresented and misunderstood a book. We always have been.

Journalism has one more remark to make in its own defense. If an author is misrepresented in a review, he has the admittedly unsatisfactory recourse that Mr. Harrison mentions, which is nevertheless a recourse. But if he is misrepresented in a book, where the misrepresentation is permanent, he can answer only in another book, which may never reach the same audience. It is a hard world for authors—no one knows that better than the editor, who is one—but a literary periodical has a hard time too.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Debates Between Authors and Critics*

The Criticism of Books

(or the Unseemly Art of Debating with an Opponent Who Is Gagged and Bound, and Incapable of Rebuttal.)

SIR:—Your recent editorial on the art of writing letters to the editor seems to me to damn the profession of reviewing books. For if book reviewers influence materially the reception of a book, and if a bad review can be answered only by brief and snappy retorts, the author stands at a bar where counsel is allowed only to one side. What justice can there be in a system of literary criticism which offers no opportunity for rebuttal?

On this issue all journals of serious book criticism hedge shamelessly. They feel that their duty is done when they wearily select their reviewers with some modicum of care. The public, however, receives their reviews as though they were backed by all the authority and prestige of the journal in which they appear. The public feels that the journal is behind the reviews it prints. Nevertheless, when a reviewer makes a misstep, the editors disclaim responsibility for the review, extol the principle of free speech, and insist upon the reviewer's right to say what he pleases.

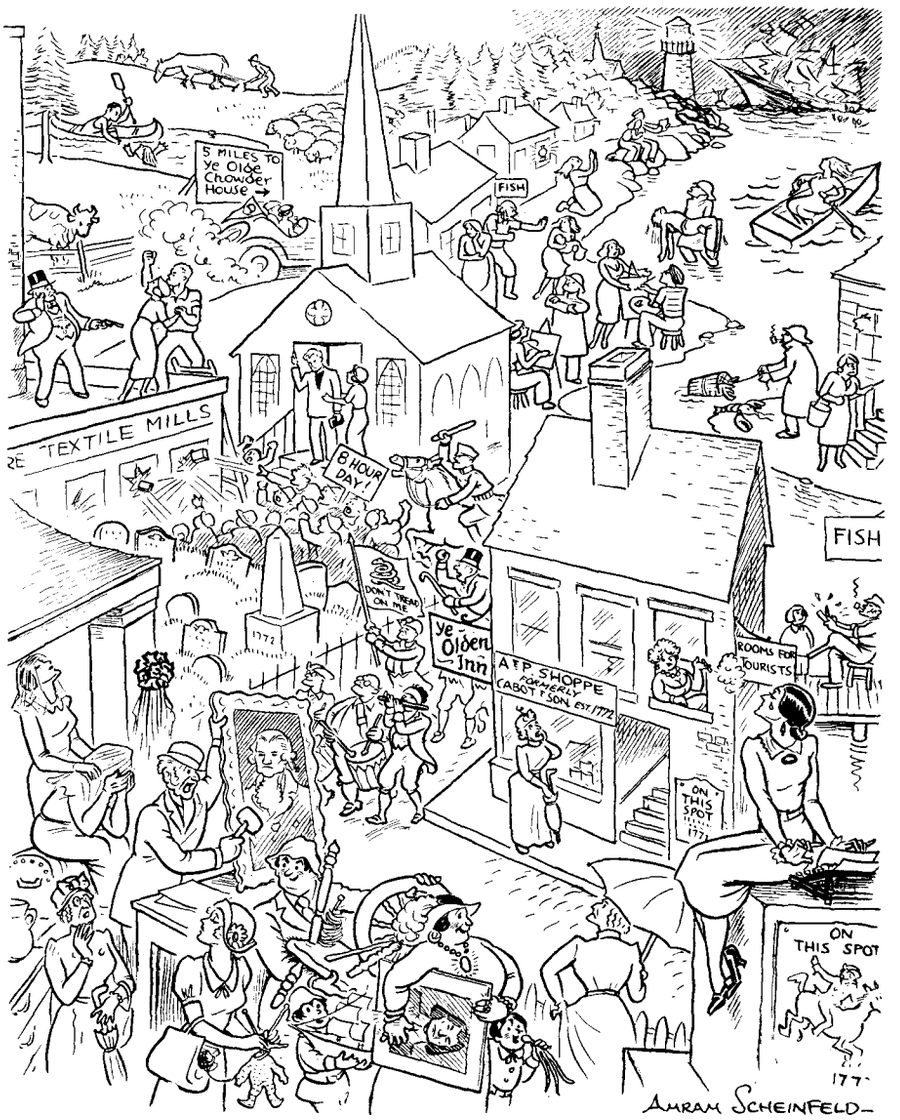
Now, where the issues are matters of opinion alone, this is fair enough. Where, however, they are matters of fact, the problem cannot be dismissed quite as lightly and gaily, albeit amusingly, as is done in the editorial to which we have referred already. Let us be concrete.

If a reviewer misrepresents a book, making it appear to say things which it does not say, either by outright falsification, or by adopting the favorite and time-dishonored device of stealing fragments out of their context and so making them mean things which in their context they do not mean, what can the author do if he wants to correct the impression about his book which the uncorrected review will leave in the reader's mind? First he must quote what the reviewer said he said. Then he must quote what he really said. To make his point he will often have to quote from more than one place. At the least he will have to quote not only what he said, but a brief summary of the context in which he said it. Thus for every distortion which the reviewer introduces, the author must reply with two or three paragraphs of carefully assembled quotations and condensations. Yet you ask for brevity.

And well you may. You, as editor, need brevity for the sake of economy: the author needs it for the sake of his audience. Readers won't read long discussions about what an author did or did not write in a book which they may or may not have read. If the author is to answer the reviewer adequately, he must write a long-winded legal brief. If he writes a short and snappy come-back, he may let off steam with some private satisfaction, but he will impress no one and help his book not at all. At the most the reader of his retort will say, "Well, he gave as good as he got"; but more often it will be, "Well, they certainly touched the old boy in a sore spot that time." Clearly all of this serves no conceivable literary purpose. The unhappy author, therefore, whose book has been falsified, may either maintain a "dignified" silence, which itself will be open to many interpretations, or he may answer with a counterblast of wisecracks, which impresses no one, or he files a lawyer's brief which the paper probably won't print, and which the reading public would not read if it did. Is there no escape from this dilemma?

There would seem to me to be at least two: each of which has certain disadvantages, but either of which is possible. Why, for instance, would it not be possible for a journal like *The Saturday Review* to announce this as its policy:—to allow any reviewer to express any opinions that he pleases, without taking any responsibility for them itself, and without promising always to publish counter-opinions from angry authors? On the other hand, the editors might also announce that it was their policy that whenever it could be proved to their satisfaction that a review had distorted a book, misrepresenting it in fact, making it appear to say things which it did not say, that they would publish an official disclaimer of the review without publishing the detailed arguments pro and con. They might, for instance, on such an occasion publish a note on the editorial page as follows: "It has been proved to the satisfaction of the editors of *The Saturday Review* that Mr. John Jones's review of Mary James's book is based upon a complete misunderstanding and misrepresentation of the book in question." Just that, and nothing more. Such a statement of course would be published only after the author had himself written a full exposition of his grounds for attacking the review, and naturally only after submitting the author's case to the reviewer as well. In other words, the edi-

(*Continued on page 22*)



AMERICAN LITERARY SCENES, NO. 2: *Land of the Pilgrims' Pride*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under Two Queens

THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH, 1558-1603. By J. B. Black. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. $5.

ENGLAND, 1870-1914. By R. C. K. Ensor. The same. $6.

Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

IT is not enough to regard Elizabeth and Victoria as mere monarchs. As symbols of England's nationhood they take rank beside the Union Jack, the Protestant Succession, and the Anglican Church. And their reigns had more than a little in common. The significant resemblance, however, lies not so much in the obvious fact that in both reigns the sovereign was a woman who attained the dignity of a national talisman as in the peculiarly transitional character of the two ages. Few periods, in fact, have seen so rapid a change in the pattern of English life as did the reign of Elizabeth and that of Victoria in its later stages. If we include the years from the death of Victoria to the outbreak of the war, the transformation becomes doubly impressive. These four decades marked the passage from High Victorianism to an England which had all the essential characteristics of the post-war nation. For the war, scapegoat for the sins of the contemporary world, only accelerated tendencies that in the main were apparent as early as the 1880's. Elizabeth's England was no less fluid. In government, in religion, in literature the culture of the Rough Islanders was losing its cosmopolitan qualities and taking on a distinctively English form.

In following the progress of Elizabeth's England Professor Black's narrative moves, in general, along familiar paths. By adopting a conventional approach he has missed an opportunity to reinterpret the Elizabethan age for present-day readers. The book is primarily a political (in the narrative rather than the institutional sense) and diplomatic history. Within the limits imposed by his point of view, Mr. Black's historical judgments are sound and reliable, though not conspicuously original. He is at his best in analyzing such episodes as the breach with Spain, where he properly refuses to allow the spectacular defeat of the Armada to obscure the long war of attrition and the partial recovery of Spain that followed. And in describing the religious struggle Mr. Black writes with sympathy and understanding. Both parties, he concludes, a Church which would fight rather than give up its position and a State that identified religious dissent with political treason, "were the victims of a tragic dilemma, from which there seems to have been no escape but by the shedding of blood on one side, and by self-sacrifice on the other."

ELIZABETH

As a study of Elizabethan England, however, the book has serious weaknesses. For one thing, there is a grave disparity between the space given to political and diplomatic history and that devoted to other aspects of the period. The political chapters (if we include those on the religious conflict) comprise nearly three-quarters of the book, leaving less than a hundred pages for the expansion of England, economic and social changes, literature and art. And in these fields Mr. Black's discussion will add little to the knowledge of a moderately well informed reader. Elizabethan music surely deserves more than two paragraphs and William Byrd more than a bare mention. Similarly, Elizabethan economic development and policies are given short shrift. The statute of apprentices, one of the great historic experiments in state control, gets three sentences and the Elizabethan poor law two paragraphs.

Mr. Ensor's problem is to describe the life of England during another period of rapid change. In 1870, a little more than half way through the Queen's reign, the Victorian synthesis, by and large, was still intact. Although the political partnership of the landed and middle classes had been expanded to make room for the urban workers, the effects of the new franchise were still to be felt. In economic philosophy the High Victorians were mainly *laissez faire;* in foreign policy, anti-imperialist; and in spiritual inclination, using the word in a broad sense, evangelical. Before 1914 every stone in the Victorian structure had suffered erosion. The new democracy had sent to Westminster a group of Labor members and had compelled the House of Peers to withhold its legislative hand; collectivist tendencies were making their way against the old individualist dogmas; and religious controls had become enfeebled.

VICTORIA

The task which Mr. Ensor sets himself involves all of the hazards of writing contemporary history. And it is made even more difficult by the fact that his definition of history is as broad as the range of human activity itself. The origins of the week-end habit, the unhappy influence of spring upholstery on Victorian furniture design, the declining sales of religious books, and the recovery of traditional English folk songs—such odd items have their part in explaining modern England, along with Gladstone's Irish policies and Lloyd George's budgets. Few historians have attempted to gather together the scattered threads of contemporary England, and among them Mr. Ensor alone has accomplished his purpose.

The distinction of Mr. Ensor's book lies partly in its merit as a comprehensive synthesis of the period and partly in his able handling of specific incidents and problems. Writing rather in the Fabian tradition, he gives to local government and the development of administrative machinery an emphasis all too rare in general histories. The story of the Home Rule struggle is brilliantly told, from Gladstone's conversion, on which the Gladstone Papers cast new light, to Asquith's mishandling of the later stages. The controversy which resulted in the Parliament Act of 1911 is another absorbing question. Ensor's narrative leaves little doubt that the Lords, by their intransigence, made compromise impossible. The threat to create peers, he holds, was even more amply justified than in 1832. His judgments of individuals, moreover, are shrewd and pointed. It is an erroneous tradition, he insists, that credits Edward VII with an influential voice in foreign policy. What Edward appreciated was the fact that, since the duty of a constitutional monarch "consists more in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

symbolizing power than in wielding it, an important part of that duty is to exhibit the symbol to advantage before men's eyes." Ensor has the gift of thumbnail characterization. In Parnell, as in Randolph Churchill and Rosebery, there were the "traits of the spoiled child; and it was these which politically undid all three of them." And Northcliffe, whose instinct was "to shout with the largest black-coated crowd" had the political mentality of the London clerk class.

But Ensor is an Englishman. Despite his judicial attitude and his collectivist sympathies, there is more than a hint of the liberal nationalist in his writing. Criticism of British policy is not spared, but one senses the author's suspicion that another nation would have made an even more dismal mess of the business. In connection with the Anglo-Russian partition of Persia, for example, he gravely writes, "The spheres of influence were not to derogate from the Shah's sovereignty, which was to be continued in both"—an accurate paraphrase of the agreement but an imperialist euphemism, as Mr. Ensor must be aware. The blame for the subsequent Persian unpleasantness seems to be shared between the Russians (and there is much justice in this indictment) and the American treasurer-general Morgan Shuster. Mr. Ensor's robust defense of Grey's foreign policy and his restatement of the Entente thesis of a war planned and precipitated by German militarists will hardly carry general conviction among students of the problem.

David Owen is a member of the history department at Yale.

Repossession

By Julia Blauvelt McGrane

WE have won back, almost in its entirety
The place we loved.
The long, green grass that is the meadow,
And the blue above.

The tumbling brook unchanged, and the bent willows,
The same cool smell
Of the mint we crushed as we lay there,
And the faint cow bell.

Nothing, nothing is different,
Golden flecks still run,
In the stream where the shifting shadows,
Meet the sun.

Truly now it has happened
Though folk say never,
Again we possess a beauty
That was gone forever.

Time cannot touch this pasture,
Whatever it kills.
The passing years can only rise,
Like mist between us and the hills.

Conqueror of the North Pole

PEARY. By William Herbert Hobbs. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by W. Elmer Ekblaw

JUST as essential integrity of character distinguished the whole life of the great explorer whom Professor William Herbert Hobbs takes as the subject of his "Peary," so does essential integrity of research and scholarship distinguish the whole biography to which the book is devoted. It is a noteworthy study of a noteworthy man.

But it is something more than mere biography. It is the praiseworthy defense of a man's honor and reputation, of his right to foremost place among the great and memorable of history. It is the final justification and proof of an achievement that ranks with the greatest in the world's long record of thrilling exploits. It is all of these and still more, for it is also a delightful bit of vigorous narrative that sustains a motif of subtle argument throughout its pages. Skilfully indeed, and in no wise offensively, the author makes the saga he writes not only carry the tale of heroism which forms the story of Peary's life, but the proof of his claim to the discovery of the North Pole. No small part of the book is devoted to the evaluation of the claims of Cook and Peary to the discovery of the North Pole. It would seem that the case has been satisfactorily settled once and for all by the array of proof that Professor Hobbs submits in support of Peary's right to the honor, and against Cook's.

It fell to the reviewer's lot to be a member of the MacMillan Crocker Land expedition, first American party to visit the Polar Eskimo after Peary had won his long struggle to achieve the North Pole, and after Cook had returned to America with his claim that he too had done so. In the four years the reviewer lived at Etah, the base from which so much Arctic exploration has been accomplished, he heard directly from Cook's companions—Ahpelah and Etukashoo—and from Peary's North Pole Eskimo—Ootah, Egingwah, Sigloo, and Ooqueah—the full accounts of their adventures; and likewise heard from Knud Rasmussen's own lips his opinion regarding the relative merits of the claims of the two men; and though it is not in any wise the purpose of this review to enter into the argument, it is relevant to state that having heard their stories—and they were all truthful men—the reviewer holds no doubt that the argument which Professor Hobbs has so conscientiously built up, and so authoritatively and convincingly supported, cannot be refuted.

ROBERT E. PEARY

The reviewer knew Peary well, too, and is one of those who loved and admired him as much for what he was not as for what he was, and who finds in Peary's life much more to admire and emulate than merely his long struggle for the attainment of the Pole, great as was that achievement in itself. The steadfast integrity of purpose which characterized Peary's entire career constitutes a virtue that compels every man's admiration. The courage, physical and moral, that carried him forward in the fulfilment of his purpose, whatever the obstacles, whatever the opposition, constitutes a challenge to every man's ideals, young or old. The intolerance of petty things, whether of petty derelictions in duty, of petty evasions of responsibilities, or of submission to petty authority—intolerance which often brought down upon his head the charge of arrogance—was equaled only by his frank and stubborn antagonism to pretense of any kind—and these are qualities that every man admires.

These are the qualities, too, that Professor Hobbs succeeds in making the chapters of his book express and convey, not so much by direct statement as by implication, to this generation of young men and women who are seeking something worthy to aspire to, or to follow; a generation as intolerant of insincerity and indefiniteness of purpose as was Peary, and that despises flattery and fraud as he did. Every one who reads Professor Hobbs's "Peary" will learn not only the truth of the Cook-Peary controversy and the kind of man that Peary was, but will also learn why Peary was a great man and a great explorer, and why his admirers have been so staunch and devoted.

W. Elmer Ekblaw is professor of geography at Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Younger Radicals

WAR OUR HERITAGE. By Joseph P. Lash and James A. Wechsler. With an introduction by Bruce Bliven. New York; International Publishers. 1936.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

TO judge from this book, the younger American radicals are a shade wiser than their predecessors. Mr. Lash and Mr. Wechsler in their one hundred and fifty pages drop into fewer puerilities than Mr. Bliven in his half-dozen pages of introduction. They are capable of occasional doctrinal innocence, as when they write that they are "tempted to enter upon an analysis of socialism to demonstrate why the U. S. S. R. has no aggressive, imperialist designs." Their first chapter, "M-Day," is a satirically intended account of the mobilization of the colleges on the American declaration of war in November, 1938, an account which leaves an outsider wondering whether the *Columbia Spectator* of Mr. Wechsler's apprenticeship was a comic paper. But they give reasonably accurate information about the attitude of many students towards the R. O. T. C., the anti-war strikes, and that portent out of Princeton, the Veterans of Future Wars.

They are young, earnest, and determined to make this a much better world. Their jesting, which they no doubt think of as grim in the literary sense, will seem to others pretty grim in another sense. They suffer somewhat from the primary befuddlement of liberals: belief in democracy accompanied by distrust of the masses—the masses who continue to read Hearst and the *Chicago Tribune.* They do not quite want the moon, however—not at once. They are advocating "not an ultimate cure but a breathing spell." They know all about pressure-groups, stereotypes, and propaganda, including their own. And, though they were born in war and graduated in the great depression, and though like all radicals they are just a bit lost in this harsh world, they do not pity themselves very much, and they do not seek refuge in art, absinthe, and autobiography. Marx is of course the rock of their salvation, but the rock has begun to weather into something not unlike older rocks.

Mr. Bliven in his introduction writes of "the year 1937 of—God save the mark!—the 'Christian' era," thus setting a sophomoric note quite beyond the powers of Messrs. Lash and Wechsler—who have, after all, graduated. His major thesis is that "we have learned by bitter experience that the population of any country can have its emotional attitude nurtured and shaped by a skilful, ruthless government to any end the rulers may desire." This is *New Republic* folk-lore. In government, this notion of black-magic is applied by Mr. Bliven to Hitler and Mussolini, but not to Stalin. In medicine, its exact parallel used to advertise a quack remedy would certainly draw from Mr. Bliven eloquent appeals for a federal food and drug act. On the next page, "exploitive private capitalism" makes war inevitable, and we all know it, and are in the sad case of a man who knows he has an incurable cancer. But it isn't really incurable, not if humanity will follow the lead of Soviet Russia. To the unbeliever looking at the Red Army, Russia's own cure seems a bit on the Christian Science side. Mr. Bliven's rhetoric is, however, proof against ridicule, is in a way only just short of immortal. There it stands and is, as Carlyle must have said, a Fact.

It is, indeed, one of the facts that has something to do with the question of war and peace. Mr. Bliven ends by reproaching his young friends with the form of the Oxford anti-war pledge. Surely they don't mean all fighting is bad? Of course the elect won't fight for king and country, for democracy or for God. But on that last Last Day, when Right and Wrong shall be clear, and not all mixed up as they were in 1917, and even in 1937, then these young men will shoulder their guns and pocket their poison bombs, and fight the real Armageddon.

"The Enigma Who Once Was Mexico"

SANTA ANNA. By Wilfrid Hardy Callcott. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. 1936. $3.00.

Reviewed by PAUL H. BUCK

THE political history of Mexico for a half century following the winning of independence from Spain in 1821 is a confused pattern of revolution. Generals, dictators, and presidents recurrently and sometimes concurrently seized power in a continuous process of self-aggrandizement. No vision of a consistent program emerged. No conception of the needs of the Mexican people was formulated. Inconstancy and opportunism were the lodestars of the day. The period has significance only as an illustration of sustained and unchecked pillage by those who professed to be liberators and deliverers of a nation.

In this sordid rivalry one actor outlasted all his competitors with a tenacity that baffles explanation. Antonio López de Santa Anna somehow managed to be a central figure in every important event that transpired from the expulsion of the Spaniard to the emergence of Porfirio Díaz in the late 1870's as dictator of Mexico. He led innumerable revolutions, sometimes against governments he had previously supported and occasionally against governments he had actually created. He was periodically a hero with triumphal entries in Mexico City. But he was just as frequently in disgrace and more than once was a prisoner dangerously near execution. Five times he

SANTA ANNA (NAPOLEONIC POSE)

reached the peak of personal power as president or dictator and five times he found himself in exile from his country. There was a juxtaposition of the sublime and the ridiculous in Santa Anna, the result of sharply contrasting traits of strength and weakness. Yet throughout his life he was the focus of Mexico's turbulent progress through revolution, a man whom Mr. Callcott presents as the "enigma who once was Mexico."

Was he an enigma? His character as skilfully depicted by Mr. Callcott seems simple enough. He emerges from these pages a "plain and unvarnished opportunist." He had neither loyalty to friends nor a program for the country he professed to love. He was shrewd and energetic in advancing his own interests and such foibles as he possessed arose from brutal methods and passionate appetites. His career was in the army, and his power in the state rose and fell in ratio to his military prestige. As a soldier he had been trained in a ruthless and savage frontier school. Santa Anna symbolized military ambition in a turbulent and cruel period. That such a career should be "colorful," that is should be filled with "superlative climaxes" and culminate in tragic futility, and that it produced many controversies which inspired the extremes of ardent friendship and bitter hatred can be more or less taken for granted. But to call this man a "child of destiny" or a Napoleon of the Western World is to sentimentalize a career which did not express the spirit of the Mexican people so much as it embodied their weaknesses.

Mr. Callcott has written a biography which remains true to fact without sacrificing the lusty personality of its chief character. Extensive research, good judgment, and rigid impartiality combine with an abundance of colorful detail to produce a book that is both sound and readable. The book should appeal especially to those readers who love to probe into the vagaries of human conduct achieved by the robust egotists of history.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Facts

A CORRESPONDENT writes (cancelling his subscription) that the Green is deficient in "facts." &&& We admit, they have a way of getting buried in the Folder. &&& We begin the New Year by winnowing the desk of every lurking indisputable. &&& No fancies, no pseudo-philosophical comment, no editorializing. Here are facts.

&&& Vincent O'Sullivan, whom we have admired for more than twenty years . . . is that editorializing? . . . has published a book about Oscar Wilde. (Henry Holt.) J. B. Orrick says the Oxford Press is about to publish John Butt's essay on Pope's Taste in Shakespeare. &&& A revival of Alexander Pope was started in Chicago a month ago and has already gone far. &&& Chicago can revive things faster than any other city. &&& Junior tastes in reading: a freshman at college sent us a list of what she is reading: Henry Adams, Max Beerbohm, Gamaliel Bradford, Van Wyck Brooks, Dos Passos, Edmund Gosse, Henry James, J. M. Keynes, Ludwig Lewisohn, André Maurois, Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf, Conrad, T. S. Eliot, Walter Raleigh, Herbert Read, Santayana, Tomlinson, Edmund Wilson, Brailsford, Brogan, T. H. Huxley . . . think of it, T. H., *not* Aldous! a miracle . . . Gilbert Murray, J. H. Newman, Laski, Bertrand Russell, R. H. Tawney, Tolstoi, Browning, Beard, Truslow Adams. &&& Given a choice between Matthew Arnold and Day Lewis for vacation reading, she chose . . . well, guess which. . . . No, stick to facts. She chose Day Lewis. &&& The Caliph A. Edward Newton . . . sorry, he's not really a Caliph . . . Mr. A. Edward Newton, on vacation in the Mediterranean, writes "I did not suppose that the world held such a thrill for me as Athens." (Bless his heart: what a genius for enjoyment he has.) &&& At Helen Fay's co-op bookshop in the State College for Teachers at Albany (some while ago) we saw a pamphlet *Books for Tired Eyes* by Charlotte Matson, published by the American Library Association. Having done a lot of work with our eyes lately, we wonder if publishers sufficiently consider legibility. &&& The last week we ever write a Bowling Green we will print a list of the publishers that seem to us the most intelligent and leave at once for Honolulu. &&& N. W. G. (Demarest, N.J.) writes that the six life-preserving foods are wine, butter, youhourt, honey, olive oil, and dates. &&& The life-destroying foods, she says, are meat, tea, coffee, beer, and hard liquor. &&& She thinks the modern format of the S. R. L. with its red trimmings looks agreeably like an A & P store. &&& Bravo: may it prosper equally. &&& As a winter piece we reproduce Pamela Bianco's painting of an A & P in Danbury, Conn. &&& Mr. Frank Hall Childs, a correspondent in *Word Study* (sent round occasionally by G. & C. Merriam, the publishers of Webster's Dictionary) cost us a lot of time by suggesting word-squares built up on the following model:—

S T E P
T I D E
E D I T
P E T S

viz., reading the same horizontally and vertically from each corner. Mr. Childs says he has evolved five such and hasn't been able to compose any more.

Courtesy of Ferargil Galleries

RED FRONT IN DANBURY (A. & P.)
Painting by Pamela Bianco.

Rereading that jovial book *The Theory of the Leisure Class* by Thorstein Veblen (always wondered why the beetlebrows were so gloomy about it: it is, as Stuart Chase truly remarked, "uproarious") we were wishing that all de luxe book designers and collectors of goofiana would read the pages (chapter VI) devoted to pantywaist printing. The Kelmscott kind of thing, that is.

At the University of Delaware I was particularly pleased by a copy of *The Engineer's Manual of English,* edited by Professors Sypherd and Brown and published by Scott Foresman. This admirable little textbook is cunningly printed and bound so that it looks exactly like a scientific handbook, a compilation of logarithms or engineering formulæ. In that way it wins the confidence of the technical student and he finds himself learning something about literary art quite unawares.

Notes of a Traveler

Manila.—Examining a piece of meat too closely, old Doctor V. shouted, "Eat it; if you look at things too closely down here you'll starve to death."

Pekin.—A man who can tell the difference between a wedding and a funeral procession before it has passed is an Old China Hand. If he can tell sooner than that he's a sinologist.

Seattle.—Harry Hartman's Book Shop was like a breath of fresh air after the bad odor the Custom's Pier and its officious officials had left in my nostrils. I'd never before been in Seattle. I found Hartman's just as I had heard, a jolly, well-stocked place full of books. I'm afraid I was a bit of a nuisance nosing around examining books of which I'd seen only dummies. I was glad to see a stack of George Blake's "Shipbuilders" which I'd read in London some time ago. It's one of the most engrossing stories I ever read. I was equally glad to see a stack of SATURDAY REVIEWS, right at hand as you walk in the door. (Just like the Lex. Ave. Grand Central shop where I get my usual copies.)

W. S. H.

The Moral

E. W., a schoolteacher, writes that the following was her own experience:—

> A teacher, wishing to suggest the evils of alcohol, decided to give a practical demonstration. She took to class one day two worms, a glass of water and a glass containing a small amount of whiskey. Into the water she placed one worm, which swam around apparently in the best of health. But the worm which she put into the whiskey almost immediately died.
>
> "Now, children," said the teacher triumphantly, "what does this teach us?" A little girl raised her hand. "It teaches that anyone who drinks alcohol will never have worms."

Memphis

SIR:—I can't agree on that pronunciation of Corinth. As an ex-Mississippian, I've said and heard that word a thousand times. Always Co'-rinth or Caw'-rinth. That darkey must call a garage a Gee'-rage, and say, as they usually do "Arsh-potato"—"Sweet-milk" and "Light-bread," with exaggerated accent where it is least expected. Did you ever hear a Mississippi darkey say the names of those

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

towns—Itta Bena, Yalobusha, Hushpuckna, Buckatunna? Their drawling, mushmouth pronunciation is great!

You started me thinking of Memphis. Don't you remember Maxwell Bodenheim's "Georgie May"? There was a Memphis story. I've heard this story told down there:—

When Clarence Darrow was in Memphis he was asked what he'd like most to see and he chose the monument erected in a place of prominence in a local cemetery in memory of the heroic work done by a local madam and her girls during the yellow fever epidemic. She and her girls sacrificed themselves without thought of reward and later, after a great controversy that shook the town and nearly broke up homes, some grateful citizens (male, I assume) bought and had placed the monument.

There's a flavor and savor to Memphis. Look a little under the lazy exterior and one sees the influence of the Southern planter with his come-easy, go-easy money. Jewelry stores, fur shops, dine and dance and night club spots—all with a jazzed up, feverish air,—and oh! the Peabody Hotel (pronounced locally HO'-tel.)

Until you've been greeted as an old friend by Alonzo, the venerable but sporty head waiter, been seated with flourishes in that sumptuous dining room, watch those southern girls send up notes and looks to the orchestra leader to "dedicate" a song to their family dayown in the Delta, you've missed an experience. They do things with an air in that dining room. Once the mushrooms on my steak, as I put my fork into it, jumped right off the plate and spun across the floor! Scarcely had I recovered from my surprise when up marched Alonzo, grandly escorting a waiter who carried high a silver platter of mushrooms, all for me.

They have the prettiest light skinned colored girls in brilliant costumes, passing hot breads and vanilla muffins and trays of pastries, and mints served with silver tongs. . . .

Main Street on Saturday is another experience. It teems with plantation darkies, dressed-up town darkies, bums, hitch-hiking families, country white folk and Arkansas share-croppers. What types!—and yet, what an awful similarity.

ELEANOR Y. PELHAM.

Indianapolis.

A propos: the title of the novel about Memphis to which the Green alluded (Nov. 28) was *Hagar's Hoard* by George Kibbe Turner; published by Knopf in 1920.

A Man I Like

He lives by stock-trading and steam heat
But he was raised in the country
And he can't read *Snow-Bound*
Without finding
(As Whittier said he would)
Tears in his eyes.

Noah's Ark

(*Continued from page* 4)

Dictionary became "International." English, after all, was a world language. Special attention was given to the pronunciation and meaning of words that differed in English from the American, "elevator" and "lift," "clerk" and "clark," and so on. Sets of plates were sent to England. The Dictionary was used in the English Postal and Telegraph services, at court and in the schools. It went to Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa. In 1934 the first shipment of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition, was made to England. It consisted of two thousand dictionaries, all in flat sheets. Six hundred also went to Tokyo, Japan, to be preserved in expensive leather bindings. Webster was going all over the world!

But to return for a moment to the 1890 revision: this cost over a third of a million dollars and took ten years. President Porter was assisted by President Remsen of Johns Hopkins, Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, General A. W. Greely, the Arctic explorer and meteorologist, Professor Chittenden of the Sheffield Scientific School, and others. In 1900 an extensive supplement was added, this work being in the hands of Dr. William T. Harris, then United States Commissioner of Education. The next completely revised Merriam-Webster came out in 1909. On this the legal mind of F. Sturges Allen assisted Dr. Harris, George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard bore a part, Professor John Livingston Lowes, President Hadley of Yale, and others equally noted. This was Webster's New International. It had doubled the number of entries and cost near to half a million dollars. Today, the Second Edition of 1934 contains 600,000 entries, as against 450,000 in the former, and has cost nearly a million and a half dollars. Twelve thousand of its terms are illustrated. It presents thousands of new words, synonyms and antonyms, geographical and biographical entries. There is also a completely new edition of Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, now in its fifth edition. Verily, the ark that Noah Webster launched has become a super-luxury liner!

All the press work is done by contract with H. O. Houghton and Company, at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The presses never stop running on the production of dictionaries. In answer to my question, "How often is the dictionary revised—how soon will you be working on a new revision?" the answer was that there is no set period for revisions. The new editions have appeared so far, under the Merriams, in 1847, 1859, 1864, 1890, 1909, and 1934. Webster's own two previous editions were 1828 and 1840. Work on Webster's Dictionary never ceases. The readers it employs are accumulating day by day new words, citations for new senses of old words, and new style forms for consideration. There is no real "rest period" between the issuance of a new edition and the beginning of another complete overhauling. The period between the issuance of new editions is occupied in continual preparation.

On a question of pronunciation, questionnaires are sent out to fifty or more leading educators in the country. Besides the office staff, which varies in number according to the press of work, the Merriam Company employs a long list of outside coöperating specialists. In every revision each word and each definition is considered and studied anew. Great care is taken to avoid using words in definitions which are not themselves defined in the dictionary. Assistants check definitions for every word which may have been omitted from the main vocabulary. Definitions sent in by outside specialists are abridged in the office, and such condensation is again checked by the specialist lest any important detail be omitted. An amusing sidelight on the pronunciation questionnaires just mentioned is furnished in the following anecdote. The editor of the best-known newspaper in Amarillo, Texas, was interrogated as to how the best educated and most cultivated local people pronounced the name of the town. The following reply delighted the Merriam office:

> Educated and cultured people in our town pronounce the name Amarillo—and the rest of us do too.

Mr. Munroe favored me with a story which went the rounds at the time of the proposed raising of the ill-fated battleship *Maine*. It is entirely factual. At the beginning of the Spanish-American War there was a certain amount of alarm lest the Spaniards prove formidable at sea, and carry the war to our coast. Every movement of Spanish ships was of extreme interest to the United States government. One day the Merriam Company received a cryptic cable from Barbados. It ran:

> Page 1543 third column count down 22 page 1377 third column count four Barbados page 1501 third column count four page 911 column three count twelve page 637 count thirty-one third column page 982 count seventeen first column page 761 first column count fifteen.
>
> Stanley

Obviously the key must be the Dictionary. The latest edition—up to that time—furnished the clue. The solution read:

> Trooper (troopship), Spanish, Barbados, thousand men, gone north, inform. (Signed) Stanley.

The Merriam Company immediately forwarded the message to the Government, and after forty-eight hours, official confirmation of its truth was received. What action was taken is not known, but

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the value of the information was unquestionable. The message was prepaid and had cost about sixty-seven dollars. Naturally the Merriams tried to discover the sender. They turned to their books to find the names of all purchasers of the dictionary resident in Barbados. To each of these a letter was sent asking if he was the "Stanley" of the telegram. The firm felt that the sender of so important a message should be reimbursed for the cost of the cablegram. The name "Stanley" proved to be an assumed one, and all those interrogated disclaimed authorship. But one reply seemed significant. This man wrote that he was a British subject, and, as Great Britain was neutral in the war, he could not have sent the message; but he added that if he had sent the message he would not be such a fool as to admit it. Rightly or wrongly, the Merriam Company concluded that he was the unknown correspondent. Thus it was proved that unofficially, blood is thicker than water—and thus Webster's Dictionary at one time assumed the role of the famous Sherlock Holmes!

I was turned over to Dr. Lucius H. Holt, Managing Editor of the Merriam Company. I discovered that he had once been a professor at West Point. Mr. John P. Bethel bears the title of General Editor; and of course Dr. William Allan Neilson is the present Editor-in-Chief of the Dictionary, with Mr. Thomas A. Knott assisting him. Dr. Holt spoke humorously of the streams of requests that pour into the Dictionary urging the use of word-coinages. In this connection I reminded him that our own Christopher Morley held quite a brief for his favorite term, "kinsprit." Dr. Holt is a charmingly tactful gentleman, and I do not yet know what the fate of "kinsprit" may be!

The modern dictionary is built upon citations. Innumerable volumes and technical journals are combed for these. Many experts in such various fields as plant pathology, meteorology, phonetics, reptiles and amphibia, automotive engineering, psychology, anthropology, physics, algae and mosses, Semitic archæology, biochemistry, and a hundred other fearsome specialties, gather citations of new words and definitions. Works of fiction are thoroughly searched for new and apt quotations to be used by way of illustration. Dr. Holt spoke about the way in which new words are introduced. Take "celanese." You will not find it in the 1936 Merriam-Webster, but it is definitely part of the language, a trade-mark term that should be considered for admission in any revision of the dictionary. A new plate for it is not now being cut but it is on file for inclusion in the next revision. Its citations in the Merriam office have piled up to an inch-thick bunch of citation slips. Yet a few years ago it was hardly known.

The specific steps taken toward a decision to include a new word consist, succinctly, of the following: (1) a report from the readers employed by the Dictionary on the occurrence of the word; (2) insertion of this word in a special file of new words; (3) accumulation of reports of the occurrence of this term; (4) inspection of the new-word file at intervals to determine the frequency and importance of the occurrences of the word; (5) decision, in case the number of occurrences and the importance of occurrences warrant incorporation of the word in the dictionary. If it is a scientific word, it is referred to specialists for definition; if it is a word of general import, a study by the office editors is made to determine its definition. The final step is the incorporation of the word and its definition in the dictionary. Editorial meetings are not held upon such individual questions as this. The final decision is made on the weight of evidence by the General Editor, and, in the case of scientific terms, with the advice of the Merriam-Webster consultants. The number of these outside specialists is one hundred forty-seven.

I asked about foreign words, as they come into English usage. The decision in this case, I was told, is based solely on the weight of evidence as to acceptability and use. For example: *draegerman* was an unknown word to Merriam-Webster until it was brought into sudden prominence by a mine accident in Canada. The Dictionary was ready immediately to define this word and accept it. Other foreign words may appear occasionally in authors who affect such use but may still be regarded by the Dictionary as remaining foreign in nature and therefore unacceptable.

The Dictionary does not employ any amateur scouts who report on new words they may hear or on colloquialisms. But it is a fact that satisfied consultants of the Dictionary turn in many hundreds of friendly suggestions in the course of a year. I asked whether usage in common speech rather than in print was any recommendation. The reply was that the spoken word which does not get into print in some form of literature is a *rara avis*. Fundamentally, Webster attempts to include the English words represented in written and printed literature. And such is the range of such literature at the present time, from "Fables in Slang" to the most erudite and technical treatises, that its attempts to cover this field result, the Dictionary feels sure, in the inclusion of all words that deserve it.

I asked impertinently for an example of any bad mistake made by Webster in modern times. The reply was as follows:

> We are unable to recall any instance of a very bad mistake made in the course of getting out a *new* edition. The checking and cross-checking which are done on every single entry as it passes through various hands in this office and out have resulted in the past, and should result in the future, in preventing any mistake which could be characterized as very bad. The mistakes which we do catch in the course of publication or after publication are almost wholly typographical errors or slight omissions.

When a mistake is found, steps are taken immediately to remedy it, but the full process of cutting the plate, having new material inserted, having this material proofread in its various stages through the press, and having the new plate reproduced in the printed book, take several months. There is an anecdote of

Erratum (Not Ours)

In Double-Crostic Number 113, printed in our issue of May 23, 1936, Arkwright was defined, on the authority of "Webster's International," as the "inventor of the spinning jenny." This elicited protests from Double-Crostic fans, which were referred by Mrs. Kingsley to the G. and C. Merriam Company. Their reply follows:—

G. & C. Merriam Company
Springfield, Massachusetts
June 17, 1936

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Kingsley
1240 Eighty-Third Street
Brooklyn, New York.

Dear Madam:

We thank you for your letter of June 16 calling our attention to the identical entries in the case of the English inventors *Arkwright* and *Hargreaves.*

Upon checking this entry back, we find that we have inadvertently carried over into the New International Dictionary, Second Edition, an error of our previous book in saying that Arkwright was the English inventor of the spinning jenny. What Arkwright invented was the *spinning frame*, which is in fact quite a different spinning machine and one that could do more work than the spinning jenny. Hargreaves invented the spinning jenny about a year before Arkwright put his frame into use.

Please accept our expression of regret that this error has persisted in the present edition. We shall take immediate steps to have a plate change made at the entry of *Arkwright.*

Very truly yours,

G. & C. MERRIAM COMPANY,
By L. H. H.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an error that crept in through the dropping-out of two words "on or" after the word *moon* in line six column three on page 810. The line read "Easter is always the first Sunday after the first full moon after the vernal Equinox." A man wrote in prepared substantially to back his judgment that the definition was faulty. Naturally he won his bet and received by way of compensation a free copy of the new Collegiate Dictionary!

The cross-reference department employs experts; and there are, of course, the filing clerks, since every slip of paper must find its proper place in the permanent file. When you realize that there are —for "work in progress"—between one and three quarter million and two millions of these slips of paper, you will perceive the importance of the job.

The office bristles with concordances, works of reference, a miscellaneous fiction library, many periodicals and pamphlets and reports, but I discovered that *Time: The Weekly News-Magazine* was not regarded very seriously in respect to its word-usage. A new word, to be adopted, needs much higher authority. Experts outside the office are combing all the published material of the world, night and day, to bring new grist to Webster. As an old Yale man, it seems to me that for a new word to be adopted is something like being "tapped" for Bones! Occasionally a modern writer makes the grade with an illustrative quotation. Before his death the late D. H. Lawrence made it!

Since the 1909 edition, Webster's New International Dictionary, there have been added to the vocabulary approximately one hundred and fifty thousand words. No analysis has been made of the classes into which these words fall, so no statement can be made as to the percentages to be allocated, for instance, to science or to nonscientific groups. But it is obvious to any thoughtful person that a considerable number of new words belonging in the scientific group has been admitted. For example, *neutron* and *positron* are two new words which appear in the latest edition of Webster for the first time. Again, the trade-mark *Autogiro* is found in this edition in its initial insertion. In a different field, the words *Nazi* and *totalitarian* are recorded for the first time in this edition. Some words in the scientific group have come into prominence so recently that they did not find a place in the first printing of the latest edition of the dictionary, but have been inserted in later printings; for example, *deuterium,* heavy water, *deuton,* and *deuteron.* The phrase *space-time continuum* appears for the first time in the latest edition. The word *psychoanalysis,* with all its derivatives, did not appear in the 1909 Webster's New International Dictionary, but was included in an addendum of New Words later, and is now, of course, in the main vocabulary of the latest edition. *Relativity, duce,* and *superheterodyne* are other words of the same class as *psychoanalysis* so far as their appearance in the dictionary is concerned.

It occurred to me that it might be interesting to find out how the cross-word puzzle fad had affected the sale of the dictionary. In the early days of cross-word puzzles, it seems, as far back as 1925 and 1926, the Merriam Company noticed a sharp increase in their sales on this account. In recent years, however, the sales directly attributable to this source have not been noticeable. But some amusing inquiries have been received from those who, as one editor put it, "indulge themselves in this form of intellectual insanity." For example, a man wrote in to ask if the word *purple* could be compared. On consulting their authorities *Webster's* found an actual literary instance of the use of the comparative degree, *purpler.* The reply was, therefore, that the word could be compared, and the reference given as proof of the fact. But evidently the correspondent had decided for himself that the word could *not* be compared, as he answered with two long closely typewritten pages criticizing the dictionary's statement and saying in conclusion that he would seek "higher authority"! Another participant in some contest noted that the dictionary had entered "sh" as noun and verb, and wanted to know what the form of the third person singular of the present indicative would be and what was the plural of the noun. The pertinent part of the reply sent him was as follows:

> The entry *sh* is correctly included as noun and verb. Our citations show its use in these grammatical relations. These citations, however, do not give us all of the forms which you desire, and it is difficult for us to state just what spelling an author might adopt if he endeavors to use a plural for the noun or the third person singular present indicative of the verb. We believe that the best method of answering your question is to give you various significant citations, so we include them below.
>
> 1887 Augusta Wilson *Tiberius* vii, I patted and 'she-e-d' her [sc. a baby].
> 1916 Boyd Cable *Action Front* 62 Ainsley 'sh-sh-shed' him to silence.
> 1873 H. E. P. Spofford *Pilot's Wife* in *Casquet Lit.* IV. 13/2.
> She and the nurse made such a racket between them, with their shshshing and trotting and patting and stirring and tipping.
> 1847 *Man in the Moon* II. 114 He . . . imposed silence by a long-drawn S-s-s-s-s-s-sh!
> 1848 Thackeray *Van. Fair* xix, When anybody entered the room, she uttered a *shshshsh* so sibilant and ominous, that it frightened the poor old lady in her bed.

The Dictionary has had some interesting experiences with reference to the inclusion of trade-mark terms. The owners of trade-marks are sometimes touchy. You have to be careful with such words as "cellophane," "amitol," and "kodak." If you, for instance, have "kodak" set all in lower-case, you may be visited by a letter from Rochester beginning, "Our attention has been called—." And you know what that means! On the other hand, people who invent new products actually become angry because the names of those products are *not* included! Then, also, among many problems, such as keeping abreast of the geographical changes in the modern world, there is the problem of keeping the values of modern currency up-to-date, as nearly as is possible. Verily, the dictionary-editor's lot is a strenuous one!

I have, of course, not even touched on all the intricate etymological research that confronts such an editor, and the range of learning that is demanded of him. But perhaps I have given an inkling of the history and inner workings of this enormous task of word-compilation. Yet the men I met on the eighth floor of the Myrick Building in Springfield seemed singularly calm and unruffled. They've been so long under fire from the word batteries of all languages, that now they appear hardly to notice it!

An Interpretation of D. H. Lawrence

DAVID HERBERT LAWRENCE ET LES RÉCENTES IDÉOLOGIES ALLEMANDES. By Ernest Seillière. Paris: Boivin & Cie. 1936.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

THIS study of D. H. Lawrence is not intended for the admirers of the admiring females who catered to the egoism of themselves and "Lorenzo," whether in Taos or Chelsea, nor will it satisfy those of his readers who have taken their cue from either Middleton Murry or Aldous Huxley. When I say that it completely deflates the bubble reputation of Lawrence as a profound and original thinker, it must not be understood as merely another essay in "debunking." It is actually the fifty-third volume which Baron Seillière has devoted to the history and personalities of Romanticism since 1897. The diversity and scope of this life work can hardly be indicated in a brief review, but as an earnest of M. Seillière's serious intentions, I may add that D. H. Lawrence finds himself in the company of such apparently dissimilar figures as Rousseau, Fénelon, Gobineau, Lassalle, Zola, Proust, the Goncourts, Stendhal, George Sand, Balzac, Schopenhauer, Dumas *fils,* Baudelaire, Flaubert, and Nietzsche, to mention but a mere handful of the names of those whose Romanticism has been unmercifully dissected.

In so far as it is possible to state the fundamental thesis upon which the huge canon of M. Seillière's work rests, it is briefly this: Romanticism has evolved four doctrines, sexual, social, esthetic, and racial. Although its origins are traced back to Plato, contemporary Romanticism stems from Rousseau and his concept of natural human perfection. The later and

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

multiform accretions to that mysticism of Rousseau's have presented us with Imperialism, or the belief that those of the same race are naturally right and superior and favored by God. They have developed the religion of beauty, which deifies the esthetic impulse, the cult of sex, which deifies passion, and the religion of socialism, which glorifies the proletarian. M. Seillière points out that the four forms of romantic mysticism are the expression of group pride, individual pride, sexual appetite, and the appetite for conquest. Emancipated, as a rule, from Christian or ecclesiastical discipline, they make an appeal, nevertheless, "to a divine alliance in all the principal domains of human activity."

At the outset M. Seillière defines Lawrence's philosophy as follows: "He declared that rational and experimental morality, which has been slowly built up by superior human beings, is outworn, and that we must rely wholly on instinct." And his concluding summary, having granted the appearance in Lawrence's later work of traces of laudable traditionalism, fairly synthesizes the argument that runs through this lengthy and closely knit study as "a naturist deviation from the salutary teachings of experience, which are summed up in traditions to be modified, but not uprooted."

Between his exordium and his close M. Seillière manages to examine every important work of Lawrence's, his correspondence, and the testimony of his friends, including the lady biographers—if they can be so described. He illustrates with manifold quotations the evolution of Lawrence through the various phases of romantic mysticism, tracing him to the German rather than to the French branch of the Romantic Movement. Giving chapter and verse, he describes Lawrence's perpetual preoccupation with certain subjects and certain ideas, which M. Seillière has little difficulty in tracing to their sources. The latter are, as might be expected, partly the result of his conditioned reflexes, partly of his reading. Here, I think, M. Seillière credits Lawrence with a wider range of intellectual activity and curiosity than the facts warrant. The latter would probably be surprised at some of the authors, particularly latter-day Germans, with whom he is stated to have been familiar. If ever a writer was non-intellectual, in the sense of being widely read, mentally dispassionate, and essentially cerebral, Lawrence was. This, however, does not detract from the author's validity as an analyst of Romanticism, for much the same might be said of many of the writers whom he has caught in the wide net of his forty years of indefatigable research.

As a relief from the usual books about Lawrence and a work which may prompt readers to delve further into the magnificent achievement of Baron Seillière, this volume is doubly welcome. It takes its worthy place beside the long line of its predecessors which have come from the same pen.

A Santayana Anthology

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SANTAYANA. Selections from the Works of George Santayana. Edited, with an Introductory Essay, by Irwin Edman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE MORRISON

TO certain readers it has seemed that there must be some sort of unholy and unscrupulous legerdemain in the feat by which George Santayana has professed himself a thorough "materialist in natural philosophy" and yet in his writings has shown such exquisite divination into religion, myth, poetry, and esthetic. Long acquaintance with his books, which despite their matchless beauty of style cannot be rapidly digested, will go far to remove this original suspicion and distrust. As the reader gradually sees how the feat has been accomplished, or better that it has not been a prestidigitator's trick at all, he may begin to believe that Santayana has all along been right, and that the conventional foes of naturalism have been short-sighted and wrong. He may begin to feel that Santayana has expressed the philosophy which this age would recognize as its own if only it had wit enough to do so.

For Santayana there is no wisdom without belief in a real natural environment surrounding men, an environment of which, materially, they are parts, from which comes their structure, and to which their physical habits, appetites, and predetermined activities are addressed. What has been called idealism in philosophy is usually a "system of immaterial physics." Religion, when misunderstood by its proponents, claims a supernatural origin; and turns out, for them, to have a natural purpose. Santayana would have us believe that the origin of religion (as of all things in human life) is natural; then its purpose may be ideal. "Everything ideal has a natural basis and everything natural an ideal development." Thus the conception of nature is central in moral philosophy; and moral philosophy is the sum of Santayana's writings. Who but an exquisite moralist could have said that the Greeks "knew how to be hopeful without illusions and independent without rebellion"?

Thus on the foundation of naturalism Mr. Santayana has built a philosophy in which the modern intelligence can find a full perspective of the life of men and a conception of reason as the organ by which that life may be made as stable, as harmonious, as expressive, and as noble as the limits imposed by nature allow. Mr. Santayana is no cosmologist. "My system...is *no system of the universe,*" he says with italics. He takes his physics from physics, his biology from biology; he does not try to "soften . . . the outlines of a cosmic picture to which religion and literature are not yet accustomed." But nature, unknowable except by faith and incommensurable in its vastness with the human sensorium, is invoked as the field and the support of men's rational life, not as itself the object of philosophy.

This is the way in which philosophy can be complete: by giving a full perspective of human activities in their rational order, not by pretending to map the universe. Men now as always judge existence by some partial interest; a man will criticize life by appeal to religion or science, economics or biology, social theory or psychoanalysis. But it should be the task of philosophy to justify these activities not against each other, but in relation to each other, and to a conception of ordered and happy life as a whole. Unless the thought of an age has accomplished this task, it surely remains incomplete, however brilliant. When the task has been done, the work should be known; and it does not seem that if the intellect is to be honored at all, it can be more greatly honored than in such an accomplishment.

Mr. Edman's volume of selections is intended to give "the conspectus and characteristic illustrations" of Santayana's philosophy. It can fairly claim to do so, since the selections from his main works have been very generous. But I believe that new readers may be encouraged without any hesitation to go at once to the original volumes of Santayana's writings. Excerpts are unsatisfying at best, and there are bound to be awkward gaps and interruptions where the principle of selection has been, as in Mr. Edman's volume, chronological. The topical method followed in Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith's "Little Essays Drawn from the Writings of George Santayana" has many advantages. Mr. Edman might well have respected the example which this preceding selection affords, more especially as "Little Essays" had only the earlier works of Santayana from which to draw. It contains nothing, for example, from two of the finest volumes from the point of view of the general reader, "Soliloquies in England" and "Dialogues in Limbo"; not to mention the later philosophical volumes. Mr. Edman's introductory essay does not seem to me to perform what it promises, that is, to give the "newcomer" a useful summary of Santayana's conclusions and to "define" the philosopher's "vocabulary." The temptation to stylistic paraphrase has undone both Mr. Edman's good intentions. The exceedingly difficult task of giving the "newcomer" a clear review, in generally familiar terms, remains for anyone who will attempt it. As it is and probably long will be, Santayana is his own best interpreter.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art of the Night

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

JUDGING from the published plays that are being delivered in amplitudinous bundles at my door, it appears that when a writer not previously associated with the theatre suddenly gets it into his (or, more often, her) head to compose a drama he pretty generally goes in for the biographical kind of thing. This is too bad, and for two reasons. The first is that biographical drama imposes upon the playwriting novice one of the most difficult of theatrical tasks. The second is that, even in the hands of the experienced playwright, it more often than not turns out to be embarrassingly dull, if not downright absurd. Yet the novices fail to be dismayed. And for two obvious reasons, in turn. In the first place, they seem to believe that they can conceal their own weaknesses in the art of dramaturgy by substituting real characters for fictional characters, which their incapacities prevent them from making theatrically and dramatically real, and by substituting for alive original speeches, similarly beyond their talents, the more animated passages from the writings and utterances of the eminentos whom they have honored with their attention. In the second place, they seem to imagine that the box-office will be more easily hospitable to the story of some personage familiar to it before the curtain goes up than to some strange and wholly imaginary one.

In both these instances, our friends are sadly mistaken. Firstly, it is much more difficult to make a real character seem real on the stage than a fictional character. In the plays of hacks we periodically encounter fictional characters that have a certain breath of life, whereas in the biographical dramas of otherwise skilful and practised playwrights the central characters, to say nothing of the minor ones, often smell stubbornly of artificiality. Thus, no one with the slightest experience of the theatre will deny that even such a fictional character as the Italian janitor in the dreadful dish of claptrap called "Moon Over Mulberry Street" enjoys an authenticity, or at least feel of authenticity, infinitely superior to two-thirds of the Robert E. Lees, Paganinis, Cromwells, Andrew Jacksons, Emily Dickinsons, and other such figures whom much more adroit dramatists have tried to bring to a stage existence. Secondly, quotations from the writings or utterances of the great almost invariably have a peculiarly false ring when spoken at second-hand, particularly when they are already familiar to an audience. Why it should be so, I do not know, but the fact remains that when an actor, however able and however popular, speaks or reads as his own the words of some historical personage there is about the situation something slightly comical. The audience, for once unwilling to follow Carlyle's voluntary remission of judgment, resents the pretence and—if my professional observation of the theatre over a period of nigh unto thirty years counts for anything—frequently rewards the mummer with a derisive chuckle, sometimes, true enough, merely internal but a derisive chuckle nonetheless.

As for audiences' greater antecedent hospitality to characters out of life than to characters out of the thin air, the box-office statistics for the last twenty years say nay. In this present season alone, up to the time of writing, they have said nay, and in unmistakable tones, to the three biographical dramas, on Napoleon, Poe, and Richard Wagner, which have seen theatrical production. For one "Victoria Regina" that prospers, you will usually find a half dozen biographical plays, whether written by hacks or by the better grade of playmakers, that do not—and it should not be overlooked by the aspiring novices that when a biographical drama now and again does enjoy success it is very largely, if indeed not entirely, because the author has been fortunate enough to get for his central role an actor or an actress already an established box-office pet. In some years, the only exception in this respect that I can summon to memory is the "Lincoln" of John Drinkwater.

But novices are an egregious lot. It is unquestionably their logic that a biographical play will find a ready market because of its appeal to the notorious vanity of star actors, which theoretically makes irresistible to them the idea of posturing as someone who has been hallowed by the world's fame. That the logic is not, to quote the late Finley Peter Dunne, entoirlly illogical is to be allowed. But the novices, to vouchsafe them a sliver of practical commercial criticism, forget one important point. They may find an actor who itches to glorify himself in the role of their particular magnifico, but they will most often have a very devil of a time finding a producer who is willing to waste his money giving the actor that gaudy pleasure.

Recollections of the Moscow Stage

MY LIFE IN THE RUSSIAN THEATRE. By Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by NORRIS HOUGHTON

RUSSIA is fortunate today in having two "grand old men" of the theatre. Constantin Stanislavski and Vladimir Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, co-founders and still the co-directors of the Moscow Art Theatre, are honored and revered wherever artists of the stage assemble in the Soviet Union. To the outside world Stanislavski's name has become synonymous with the greatness that belongs to Russia's most illustrious theatre, but Nemirovitch has been less well known. "My Life in the Russian Theatre" should dissolve any mystery that may have surrounded him and reveal his exact contribution to the Moscow Art Theatre.

Not since "My Life in Art," the autobiography of Stanislavski with which this volume must inevitably be compared, has there been such an intimate picture of the life of the artistic Moscow of thirty or forty years ago. As such it has a certain historical and sociological value, for the people and the society of which he writes have vanished or are vanishing; in a few years there will be none left to reminisce about those latter days of imperial Russia and in the new days few clues and no counterparts to them can be found. This book, to be sure, has no such purpose. Indeed, one does not feel that white-bearded Nemirovitch looks back with nostalgia. Rather is it a collection of reminiscences about the great Russian littérateurs and artists of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries among whom Nemirovitch, himself a literary man of considerable distinction, moved and with whom he worked. He has chosen to dwell longest on Chekhov, Gorky, and Tolstoy, and his recollections of their personalities are the most delightful part of the book.

It is in little vignettes of character and manner which one finds on every other page that Nemirovitch brings us closest to these literary giants. He gazes into Tolstoy's "famous eagle eyes, almost rapacious in their searching gaze." He remembers how Chekhov's smile was "unique. It appeared all at once, quickly, and as quickly vanished. It was broad, frank, full-faced and always brief. It was as if the man had quite suddenly decided that the matter wasn't worth smiling about further." Anecdotes about these men are numberless.

The chapters on the foundation, early life, and later travels of the Moscow Art Theatre are less interesting, perhaps because the student of drama is already familiar with much of the same story from Stanislavski's account of it. And there is little added to Stanislavski's enunciation of the theories of acting which have made the Art Theatre famous. These chapters do make undeniably clear, however, how Nemirovitch's talent for literary criticism and appreciation moulded the repertory of the Theatre. It was he, for instance, who almost alone understood Chekhov's plays, who pleaded with him and finally persuaded Chekhov to give the Art Theatre his plays and to write more for it. And without Chekhov what would the Art Theatre have been?

It is unfortunate that "My Life in the Russian Theatre" has not had a better translation or more careful editing. The language often hinders the flow of meaning and its structure is often so disjointed as to make one feel that it is but a collection of notes which a slightly doddering old man has pulled out when rummaging through his desk. One hesitates to believe that Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, still clear-thinking and active, has constructed so formless a volume. One would rather blame his editors!

Norris Houghton is the author of "Moscow Rehearsal," a study of the Soviet theatre.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

JUST to be different, I am going to top the column this week with a book of light verse. The season has brought forth, of course, the collected poems of both "F. P. A." and Dorothy Parker, but these have already been noticed elsewhere in this magazine. The first-named writer is an expert versifier, and the latter, as I have said at another time, writes real poetry in the midst of her greatest flippancies. Now there is before me the work of a third writer of verse, "Gaily the Troubadour" (Dutton. $2), by Arthur Guiterman. I have followed Mr. Guiterman's work for many years. He is the author of several humorous masterpieces, such as "The Quest of the Ribbon." He started in the era of the late Oliver Herford, and was quite as witty as Herford in the old *Life*. A serious poem of his that I am fond of is his ballad of "Quivira." It ought to be included in any collection of modern ballads. Guiterman, of course, has been widely popular and one of the versifiers of the day who has been able to make a living by it. More recently his poem "Death and General Putnam" has gone all over the United States. One pearl of this bard's that I particularly prize is his own comment on the "great Gaels of Ireland," a revision of Chesterton's verse in "The Ballad of the White Horse." I quote from memory:

For the great Gaels of Ireland are those
that God made mad;
For all their words need footnotes, and
half their rhymes are bad.

It is not necessary that a statement be wholly true to be funny. Such an exaggeration as the above shoots at certain obvious eccentricities in Irish poetry. Also there is Guiterman's superb "Battle of the Doormen," a New York fantasy that appeared first, I think, in F. P. A.'s column. But I am speaking of work not comprised in the present book.

If "Gaily the Troubadour" is not Guiterman's best book, it is a good, salty one; and there is at least one literary discovery in it, headed "Local Note."

In Sparkhill buried lies that man of mark
Who brought the Obelisk to Central Park,
Redoubtable Commander H. H. Gorringe
Whose name supplies the long-sought
rhyme for "orange."

Even a life embittered as mine has been by Arthur Guiterman's refusal to allow me to rhyme "accolade" with "Scheherazade," can appreciate the importance of this discovery!

Also, as one who is an ex-Qwerty-U-I-Opper, I approve of his verses to his typewriter. Furthermore I exult in the close of his "Ode to the Amoeba":

For you and I and William Beebe
Are undeniably amoebae!

I also like the beginning of his "Genealogical Trees":

Undoubtedly you'll never see
A poem like a family tree.

"The Shakespearian Bear" should have been put into a ballade before, but Guiterman has done it perfectly. There's shrewd human wisdom in this book, and lots of entertainment. I like this way of writing the old lament for dead ladies of which poets have always been so fond:

Rosamond is in her grave,
Hero sleeps beneath the wave,

Long deceased is Guinevere,
Yseult lies upon her bier;

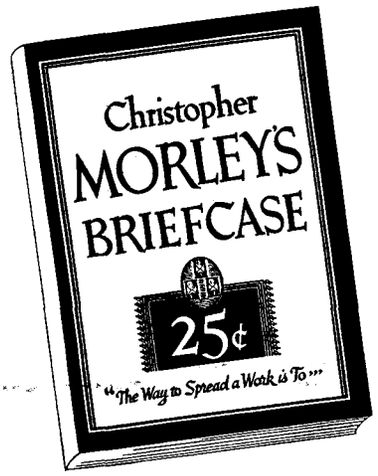
Cleopatra, Lady Jane,
Deirdre, Beatrice, Elaine,—

All are gone, those damsels fair,
But you're here, so I don't care!

I'll put our own Arthur Guiterman up against any of the contemporary British white hopes in *Punch*. And if you gave a member of your family a book of his for a holiday present you will have lightened your family cares.

Margaret Widdemer is not rated in the first flight of American poets, and yet she can turn a verse extremely neatly and

"The way to spread a work is to . . . . . sell it at a low price." —DR. JOHNSON



The compiler of this Briefcase has often dreamed of reaching more readers than are attainable through the slow and costly medium of a book.

He has chosen pieces from his recent writing that seemed appropriate for this form of publication. Many first appeared in *The Saturday Review*.

Nothing included has ever appeared in book form.

This venture is offered for those occasions of travel, recreation and brief opportunity when a book is less convenient. If the Briefcase finds favor with readers (either casual or studious) further numbers may follow at intervals.

PARTIAL LIST OF CONTENTS

Dowager of the Sea
Letter to a Gentleman
Thirty out of Forty-eight
A Bibliophile in a Big House
New Verses for *Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay*
Coldest and Hottest
Walt Whitman's Bathtub
Adventures in the Middle West
The Unknown Reader
The Saw Mill; and Sun Cured
But Voltaire Never Said It
The Oldest University in America is Open Again
Translations from the South American
Also, many other shorter pieces and "further ampersands and etceteras" both in prose and verse.

Two Editions of 10,000 Sold Out
3rd Printing Now on Press

25c **At Book Stores, Newsstands,** *or from*
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, *Philadelphia*

The Business Manager of *Morley's Briefcase* is eagerly accessible at Lippincott's New York Office, 250 Park Avenue: PLaza 3-0403, where he may be had both at retail or in bulk. His name is Frank C. Henry.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

her two well-known earlier poems "The Factories" and "The Strong Ones" are two of the best sociological poems ever written in this country. Yet, because she also has a decidedly sentimental vein, people confuse her merely with ribbons and red roses. All of Margaret Widdemer's poetry is founded on personally experienced emotion, and sometimes the emotion overflows too conspicuously. At other times it is held within bounds and a memorable poem results, like her "Revisitants." Now we have "Hill Garden" (Farrar & Rinehart. $2). Margaret Widdemer has had much happiness in life and a way of imparting it through her verse. But there is the other side too. This is nowhere better illustrated than by an effective poem in the present book called "Fortune."

It should be obvious that Miss Widdemer's method has certain Celtic affiliations, and (in spite of what Mr. Guiterman has said of the great Gaels!) there is a mortal simplicity in much good Irish verse. The greatest of us all, William Butler Yeats, does not disdain it. I am actually sick to death of obscure *nuance!* I hope the new revolutionary poets, for instance, will eventually come out of the dark closet of modernism, which is getting to smell distinctly of cheese, and, like Roland in the doubtful pass, sound a great blast upon the slughorn.

Katherine Garrison Chapin is a poet who in the last few years has steadily forged to the front. Though traditional in her method, she expresses her own personality and writes in a variety of rhythms. "Time Has No Shadow" (Dodd, Mead. $2) is a thoughtful, well-written book.

It is extremely difficult to write of one deeply loved who is dead, and of the peculiar assurance one retains concerning that person. But I think Katherine Chapin has succeeded in "Strange Evidence," and particularly in "With Long Remembered Light." These are sincerely poignant poems with no touch of bathos. Throughout the book one is in touch with a person of fine integrity. I like her handling, technically speaking, of a rather long irregular line with interior rhythms, easy, almost conversational in its graceful flow. She can write also with concision. Her poem on the Indians, "Voice of this Land," her feeling for the atmosphere of the seasons and of far lands is also noteworthy. Here I have only space to quote one of her poems drawn from her knowledge and appreciation of painting and sculpture. It concerns Brancusi's remarkable

BIRD IN SPACE

This shall be forever flying, never alighting,
Forever rising, never curving or lying
Out on the wind.
Into space rising, and crying.

O words,
Be as this smooth, hard, polished marble, extending
Into the space of the mind; not ending
Here with the voice.
As the edge of stone, bending
The arc of light in an unplotted curve,
Where no wings swerve,
Beyond the space of birds,
Rise, O words!

The New Books

Biography

THE TORRINGTON DIARIES. By John Byng, later Fifth Viscount Torrington. Edited by C. Bruyn Andrews. Vol. III. Holt. 1936.

Rather than bear the ills of London, once again John Byng flew to others he knew not of. "Honorably inquisitive," he sought rapid rivers and steep woods in the North Country and around Snowden's snow-capp'd peak, failing to find full pleasure in either because "the levelling system prevailed and overturned all distinction." Insolence and incivility characterized an order of less distinction, provoking on one occasion a red-blooded Tory roar, "Oh what a dog-hole is Manchester!"

The time was out of joint, the traveller lonely—sufficient causes, both of them, to make John Byng's tours of 1792-93 the less rewarding to himself and to the readers of his diaries. Freshness of viewpoint and enthusiasm for travel, so characteristic of the earlier tours, have faded into the repetitious ranting of a die-hard. Epitaphs and sketching, "the little things" which delighted him formerly, failed to woo the holiday traveller from a preoccupation with the inconveniences and incivilities of country inns. Not until the end of the Welsh Tour and the end of "a decent pint of port wine, with no head ache following," did John Byng admit defeat:

> May it serve to warn posterity from a love of rambling, and may it instruct them to keep (*quietly if they can*) at home.

E. G. B.

Fiction

UNCHARTED. By Webb Waldron. Greystone. 1936. $2.50.

It seems too soon to be recommending good hammock fiction, but there are also winter cruises and southern beaches. For these special needs Mr. Waldron has fashioned his new novel, according to a design as simple and as successful as ever. You take a passenger steamer stopping over at an island, somewhere in blue waters. Upon the steamer you must have a queer and promising assortment of characters, such as a hard-bitten, romantic captain, a divorcee looking for her past, an archeologist looking for lost worlds and his beautiful daughter looking for Life, a wild, reckless crew, and somebody to keep wondering if anything is going to happen. To these you add strange natives speaking their poetic tongue, an inscrutable Master of the Island, old ruins at the top of a cliff, an earthquake—, but the possibilities are already apparent. Mr. Waldron handles these things surely, keeping his plot moving around unexpected corners and his action innocent of reflection. The result is a diverting narrative, meant precisely for the hour that needs to be whiled away.

N. L. R.

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER. By Gerald Bullett. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

Not one but two novels are present in this new book of Mr. Bullett's: the central story and also a tiny fragment of a novel written by twelve-year-old Judith, the heroine's daughter. But it is sad that there is so much of the one and so little of the other, for it is the fragment that is completely charming. Mr. Bullett has chosen to present in modern dress the theme of Oedipus—a theme unsympathetic to modern readers as Mr. Bullett knows, for it is with some defiance that he explains that coincidence plays no more part in his version than in that of Sophocles. And so artificial is the story that the passages which move toward the

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CANDIDATE FOR MURDER *Mortimer Post* (Crime Club: $2.)	College faculty and relatives decimated by slick killer who finally succumbs to coterie of scientists and Italo-Irish cop.	Campus - cum - laboratory flavor a bit cloying at times but mixture of vitamins, hormones, and deadly distillations is generally satisfying.	Good Puzzler
OMIT FLOWERS *Stuart Palmer* (Crime Club: $2.)	Hopeful kin gathered at palazzo of diabolical recluse see his funeral pyre and one scion expire ere another quells killings.	Trepidatious atmosphere, lively dialogue, swift movement, and vivid characterizations effectively screen rather well-worn mystery story gambit.	Well done
IN MEMORY OF MURDER *Dean Hawkins* (Crime Club: $2.)	Restless wraith of 20-year-old slaying leads to 5 more murders in Southern town before local lawyer lays ghost.	Well nigh faultless puzzle with a "'tis him! 'taint him!" ending that sets the old bean whirling.	*Magnifique!*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dénouement are stiff and unconvincing and the great scenes usually melodrama. Each incident is of itself conceivable, but the sum is "a little intellectual bag of tricks" as the hero calls himself.

Here is the story: Drusilla is raped at twelve, producing before she is thirteen a child which her mother and Dr. Hewish assure her is stillborn. When she is thirty-four and a distinguished actress, young Robert Cordwainer, who is twenty-one and has always been sure he is not the son of Tom Cordwainer, his alleged father, falls in love with her. It is not until they have long been married and three children have been born to them that Robert accidentally runs down an old man and from a hint on his dying lips discovers that he has killed his father and married his mother.

This plot is perhaps complex enough, but Mr. Bullett has further complicated it. Dr. Hewish, Drusilla's deliverer, becomes her step-father; and even Robert's foster-father leaves his wife and takes the name of his new woman so that the reader is almost as confused as the unfortunate Robert whose children are his siblings.

Mr. Bullett writes very well indeed. But in this book, he seems to have bitten off more than it interested him to chew, so that it is when he escapes, not when he embraces Sophocles, that the charm of his own kind of writing has its way.

K. S.

Science

FRONTIERS OF SCIENCE. By Carl Trueblood Chase. Van Nostrand. 1936. $3.75.

Because no answer has yet come to the foremost and the largest question in the entire realm of science—the question "what is life?"—it is at present customary to divide science into two broad categories, the physical sciences and the biological sciences; psychology and its allies in the eyes of most men of science occupy borderline positions under the second group. There are two camps with regard to the nature of life, the mechanists and the vitalists. The mechanists believe all science ultimately will turn out to fall in the physical category while the vitalists, a minority (though minorities in the scientific world are not submerged) hold that life is something over and above mechanism—something which always will require its own unique category. Many of the vitalists are mystics. Neither side can prove itself right or the other side wrong.

The author of this review of general science covers both categories in a broad sweep; the macrocosm—astrophysics, relativity, the expanding universe and those perplexing cosmic rays; the microcosm—fundamental particles such as electrons, positrons, neutrons and protons; the life sciences—biochemistry, biophysics, vitamins, glands, health, and, finally, the old unanswered question concerning the origin of life. Mr. Chase's book is a selection of the Scientific Book Club and deservedly so; it is a book from which the average intelligent reader may glean the main current of advancing science.

A. E. I.

The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING: CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich

Briefs

AMONG the current shows which may be of interest to readers of this column are: "Little Things," that is, minor pieces of printing, at the Lakeside Galleries, Chicago; Baskervilles, with many in fine binding, at the Yale University Library; Renaissance Bookbindings at the Grolier Club. * * * Goodspeed's catalogue of books of New England interest based on Van Wyck Brook's recent book is one of the best arranged and finely printed book catalogues I have seen for a long time. * * * *Typography*, the new British quarterly, gives promise of interest and some reasonable degree of sanity. * * * The Fifty Books Show is in process of assembly, and with all due respect to previous juries (on which I have served!), the present one is expected to produce a better show than ever. * * * The Mergenthaler Linotype Company has issued a book in commemoration of fifty years of the linotype, with the story told by Thomas Drier and decorations by W. A. Dwiggins.

Various Books

"William Morris as I Knew Him" (Dodd, Mead, $1.50) is a reprint in book form of Bernard Shaw's introduction to volume II of the supplementary volumes on Morris edited by his daughter and published earlier this year in London. The present reprint is inadequate as to printing, but the essay, as I said when reviewing the first appearance, is a very fine personal tribute.

"Printing Papers," by William Bond Wheelwright (University of Chicago Press, $2). It is unfortunate that in preparing this book the author went no farther than to assemble the contributions he had made to *Paper and Printing Digest*, because while the facts are here in great number and what seems to be great accuracy, the presentation is broken up and things are not in their places. Ancient history and modern sales talk, both good in themselves, play tag with each other through the book!

In spite of all this, the work has many merits. It does tell a lot about paper making in theory, history, and practice; it has a good many pictures of the operations of paper making; and it has an index. In many ways it is the best American handbook on paper which has appeared, and that makes it all the more distressing that the material could not be arranged more logically.

The Columbiad Club of Connecticut has just issued "The Specimen Books of Binny and Ronaldson in Facsimile." The specimens included are the 1809 and 1812 books of the Philadelphia firm, which are either unique or excessively rare now. There are also reproductions of several other early type efforts of American designers. A short historical introduction has been provided, the reproductions are by the collotype process, and the letter press in actual Binny & Ronaldson type.

Nicholas Breton's "Arbor of Amorous Devices" of 1597, and Sir Thomas Overbury's "Characters" of 1614 and later, come to me in pleasant forms. The "Arbor" has been reproduced in facsimile from the unique complete copy in the Huntington Library, with an introduction by Hyder E. Rollins. It has been well printed in general, but the paper is too hard (the besetting sin of American reproductions) and the grain runs the wrong way in the letter press section. These are small matters—and vital in the making of a good book.

And the other book, printed at the Shakespeare Head Press, curiously and irritatingly enough is also printed with the grain the wrong way! But once over that hurdle, the book is excellent. It is small, easily handled, has the text of all the "Characters," has ample notes, an index, and facsimiles of title pages of the early editions. It is the latest of the Percy Reprints, published by Blackwell of Oxford, a well designed set of books.

CUPID'S HORN BOOK: Songs and Ballads of Marriage and Cuckoldry. Mt. Vernon: The Blue-behinded Ape. 1936.

Here is a book in which the typography challenges attention because of its fitness to the text—and while this volume has not the exact fitness of style which characterizes the same publishers' "Immoral Anthology," it is nevertheless extremely good. The quality of the workmanship is beyond reproach—typesetting and press work—while the illustrations by Richard Floethe are competent grotesques. Some of the verse is good, some not so good, but its interest does not lie in its form.

HARPER
Prize Novel Contest

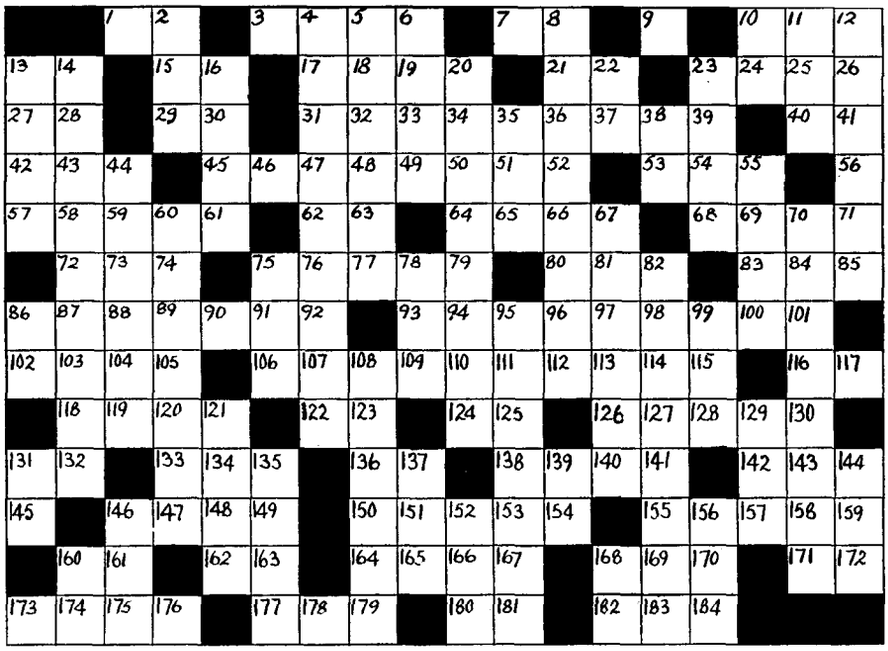
Manuscripts may now be submitted for the Harper Prize Novel Contest. The final date for submission is February 1st, 1937. A circular giving full details of the contest will be mailed free on request.

HARPER & BROTHERS
49 East 33rd Street New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: No. 145

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

☞ **N. B. From now on, translations of excerpts from works in foreign languages will be used occasionally.**

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 24 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Quick impression (Fr.).

II. Hero of ballad from "Marmion."

III. Norse cow that nourished Ymir.

IV. Boundary dispute with Great Britain (1846).

V. Father of monster who tried to scale skies (Gr. myth).

VI. The killing of a sacrificial victim.

VII. Gourmandize.

VIII. Place of oblivion.

IX. Given to purely abstract reasoning.

X. Character in the "Heart of Midlothian."

XI. City in Virginia.

XII. Mount occupied by Titans in war with Olympians.

XIII. American president.

XIV. Book by Anatole France.

XV. Mrs. Poyser's niece ("Adam Bede").

XVI. Drama by Racine.

XVII. Elegiac poem by Matthew Arnold.

XVIII. Son and successor of Saul (Bib.).

XIX. Blew (as a horn).

XX. Heroine of Debussy opera.

XXI. One of David's advisers (Bib.).

XXII. Made a rumpus (colloq.) (comp.).

XXIII. Embodied the salient characteristics of.

XXIV. Pieces out.

XXV. Hazarded.

XXVI. Character in "A Christmas Carol."

WORDS

72 167 55 67 96 144

27 163 110 18 90 154 77 98 59

9 66 74 54 134 104 29 141 180

107 132 156 136 122 118 100 16 89

111 184 116 82 94 102

33 139 43 80 173 53 113 62 73

42 115 39 26 70 92 160 181 19 22 30

166 109 158 133 148

38 103 123 168 76 138

129 63 8 21 165

177 114 95 47 25 140 149

7 179 81 145 64 125

131 153 117 121

162 44 182 15 79

119 172 112 51 2

120 35 41 88 48 124 175

20 169 142 176 127 37 52

106 31 83 146 69 23 97 159 10 164

87 32 147 61 34 28

1 170 183 60 99 6 91 130 105

126 152 86 17 36 157 57 24 5 13

12 65 68 101 178 40 78 4

151 135 93 11 155 58 49 174

150 71 46 161

45 3 56 128 84 108

85 50 171 137 143 75 14

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page 9*)

tors would sit as a court in a controversy between the author and the reviewer, a controversy dealing not with opinion or interpretation, but with factual representation. Such a system would make reviewers infinitely more careful; so careful, indeed, that you might find it hard to get reviewers, and you might review fewer books. That, too, however, might have its advantages.

The alternative to such a scheme would be to stop the false review at the very source. This could be done quite simply. Let any review which is severely denunciatory,—or perhaps let every review whatever,—be submitted to the author of the book which is being reviewed. To avert delay, it could be accompanied by a warning that if it was not returned within a week the review would be published as submitted. If, however, the author felt that the review misrepresented the facts, opinions, and ideas expressed in his book, he would be sent directly to the reviewer with his argument, and the review would not be published until the reviewer satisfied the editors that in the review the book was not distorted or misrepresented in its essentials. Carbon copies of correspondence between the reviewer and the author would naturally be sent to the editors, who would enjoy the rare privilege of a ring-side seat at the fight. As far as the public goes, however, the fight itself would take place behind the scenes, and the review as finally published would be one with the opinions of which the author might or might not agree, but to the facts of which he could have no objections, and by which he could not feel that his writings were being falsely represented.

Such plans as these are more cumbersome than the present irresponsible methods. Heavy machines, however, sometimes do better work of more lasting value than light-weights with a quick get-away. Such a scheme may not be possible for a "review 'em on the day they appear" journal. Some such scheme, however, is possible for a journal whose literary comments aim to mould and reflect a matured judgment and critique on the contemporary scene. It will have the particular advantage of automatically weeding out those hit-and-run reviewers who love to snipe at the books they cannot write themselves from behind the perfect protection of the present system, but who would not have the courage to face the author in order to iron out honest differences of opinion.

HAYES HARRISON.

Rochester, N. Y.

Erratum

SIR:—Should not the solution of Mrs. Kingsley's Crostic (No. 142) be

DANIEL WEBSTER—
"TO MRS. PAIGE."
etc.

instead of "To Mrs. Page," as given in your issue of Dec. 19th?

PASCAL E. HATCH.

Springfield, Ill.

(*Yes: Apologies.—Ed.*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

"DON'T SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

F. W. M. See advertisement this column 12-19-36. Important. Box 724-B.

DEPRAVED oldtime readers, collectors, "dime novels" write Deadwood Dick, Bath Beach, Box 133, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LOVERS OF PERFECT COFFEE—connoisseur's blend; rich, winey aroma; mellow, full-bodied, amber-clear. Bean or any grind. Not sold in stores. Send 10c for ¼ lb. sample. Richard H. Toeplitz, 67 Broad Street, New York.

INTIMATE LITERARY COUNSEL and personal marketing suggestions by established author. Moderate fee. Box 719-B.

RECENT HISTORY, European and American, 96-page pamphlet with supplement to November 5, thirty cents postpaid. In A. L. A. Booklist. F. E. Moyer, Box 213, Montclair, N. J.

WANTED TO SHARE or sublet apartment nicely furnished, midtown, East, reasonable. Box 735-B.

ANYBODY CARE writing a Manhattan Nobody. Edward.

BROOKLYN RESIDENT to sell memberships, educational institution. Commission paid. Box 734-B.

WANTED SECRETARY—Editorial Assistant, part-time, experienced, by New York Literary Agent. Convenient hours and fair wages to right person. Box 733-B.

CLASSIFIED

AMERICANA

AMERICANA: Especially better items, relating to the West, Mid-West, South-West, and Old South. Wright Howes, 1142 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

INDIANS, WEST, CONFEDERATE, Genealogies, County Histories. Catalogues issued. The Cadmus Bookshop, Inc., 18S West 56th Street, New York.

AUTOGRAPHS

WALTER R. BENJAMIN, the Autograph Authority, offers for sale and will buy, letters of Chief Justices, The Presidents, Naval Officers, Cabinet Officers, Kings of England, France, and many others. Send for sample copy of THE COLLECTOR, established in 1887. 501 Madison Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, Sets, Volumes, Odd Numbers. The E. T. Sutherlin Company, Danville, Va.

BEST CASH OFFER takes first thirteen issues Fortune Magazine. Excellent condition. Funk, 18 Havemeyer Lane, Stamford, Conn.

ODD NUMBERS
VOLUMES AND SETS
Of All Magazines Supplied Promptly and Reasonably
THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY
950 University Avenue New York City

CLASSIFIED

BOOK PLATES

ANTIOCH BOOKPLATES. Beautiful designs on antique finish paper. Send 10c for loan of sample album. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, Americana, Rare Books, General Literature, Catalogues Mailed Free. Schulte's Book Store, Inc., 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS of fine books in fine condition. Catalogue. Howard S. Mott, Jr., 70 West 40th, New York.

FOREIGN

"L'ILLUSTRATION," Christmas number, foremost French weekly, profusely illustrated, nearly 100 colorprints, all suitable for framing, DeLUXE EDITION, $2.50. FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop." Mail order catalogue 20c (stamps). "Over 500,000 French books in stock."

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse, criticized and marketed. Play, and scenario departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

EXPERT REVISION often secures acceptance. This I can give. Booth Tarkington, William Allen White, Charles Caldwell Dobie endorse my work, as did Jack London. Editor "Representative Modern Short Stories" (Macmillan); formerly with Doubleday. Established in 1912, now many writers have made a beaten path to my door. ALEXANDER JESSUP, 50 Morningside Drive, New York City.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

AGENCY SERVICE: Personal; no reading fee. Critical Service by reputable writers. SELECTED AUTHORS, 53 East 11th. STuyvesant 9-3679.

EVERY PHASE OF WRITING—SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM. (Est. 1921) 1003 Times Building, New York. BRyant 9-4896.

JAMES G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT. Marketing on commission. No advance charges. 108 W. 85th St., N. Y. C., or 5639 Rippey St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS MARKETED. Editorially recognized, professional aid in placement of fiction and non-fiction. Intelligent, personal assistance in revision, criticism, editing for publication. New Authors invited. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

EDITING, REVISION, GHOST-WRITING. Stories, articles, theses, books. Excellent references. Mary Douglas, 600 West 113th Street. UNiversity 4-0475.

"ATTENTION BOOK LOVERS"—New Books, Art, Travel, History, Biography, New Fiction. Five dollars for one year. Mercantile Library, 17 East 47th St.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

I SPECIALIZE in Out-of-Print Books—New and Used. Send your lists of Books Wanted, and for Sale. Sea Cliff Book Exchange, Sea Cliff, N. Y.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

RARE BOOKS

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your list. 15 Ann Street, New York.

Perhaps the Best Advertisement

for THE SATURDAY REVIEW was written, clairvoyantly, by the late A. C. Benson (1862-1925) in his charming and pacifying book *From a College Window* which just 30 years ago was the delight of penseroso readers (and published by Putnam).

"I Wish Very Much

(wrote Benson) that there was a really good literary paper, with an editor of catholic tastes and half-a-dozen stimulating specialists on the staff, whose duty would be to read the books that came out, each in his own line, write reviews of appreciation and not of contemptuous fault-finding, let feeble books alone, and make it their business to tell people what to read."

Such a Paper

is the S R L, and makes the ideal Gift. Happy Hebdomadal! Something for the mind to mandibulate, pro or con . . . 1937 will be Another Year . . . The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Amen Corner

"For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise"

To welcome 1937 auspiciously, we offer the *Sonnets,*[1] printed in what is believed on bibliographical and critical grounds to be essentially their original order. Tucker Brooke, the editor, has attempted to settle questions of date and place in Shakespeare's biography, and the Oxford University Press[2] has combined beauty with practicality in binding and type. Mr. Updike of the Merrymount Press designed and printed such a beautiful book that the Oxford Press decided to issue it first in a small edition for New Year's gift purposes.[1] Offhand (and very mildly) the Oxonian wonders if there is any English poetry group greater than these Sonnets.

Heeding the sense of the quotation more than the music, we recently issued a brilliant and timely study of the proper use of air forces in land battles, which cannot but inform those interested in the subject. *Air Power and Armies,*[3] by J. C. Slessor, is considered, by one critic at least, the most important book on the 1936 Oxford list.

In milder vein, a story of eighteenth-century Wales, *Mr. Bulkeley and the Pirate,*[4] gives you life from the diaries of an Anglesey squire whose daughter married Smollett's "brave Corsair," Mr. Fortunatus Wright. An interesting predicament for any parent!

Considering the great success "The Country Wife"[5] is enjoying on Broadway now, it is amusing to read of Wycherley's own day and theatre in Dane Smith's *Plays About the Theatre in England.*[6] The book is a remarkably readable introduction to theatrical and dramatic history, presenting in vivid fashion, the rivalries of the several establishments, the troubles of authors (eternal, alas), the carpings of critics (also eternal), and the general theatrical difficulties of the period 1671-1737.

And then, remembering the pirate and parent Bulkeley, the Oxonian grows benevolent and thinks of the children. *Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain,*[7] by Edward Ardizonne, is a juvenile, and should be denied no child. But it is good to look upon,[8] even for tired business eyes, and a delight to read.

With which note of fatherly kindness we beg you to accept a Happy New Year[9] from

THE OXONIAN.

(1) *Shakespeare's Sonnets,* edited by Tucker Brooke, $5.00. Another edition at the originally announced price of $2.50 will be published later. (2) 114 Fifth Avenue, New York. (3) $4.00. (4) $3.00. Edited by B. D. Roberts. (5) In *Representative English Dramas from Dryden to Sheridan,* edited by F. & J. W. Tupper, $3.00. (6) $4.00. (7) $2.00. (8) 32 pp. in colour. (9) Start 1937 by writing for the Oxford Spring List.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THIS really ought to be a bread-and-butter letter (or a cakes-and-ale letter) to Mr. Joe Lippincott, who came all the way over from Philadelphia to preside at a reception in Messrs. Lippincott's new Manhattan office, given (the reception) to the staff of *The Saturday Review.* ☞The whole membership of the S. R. L. was there, Mermaids looking very fin de siecle; Mr. Frank Henry, the host, had even arranged impromptu minstrelsy, and there was what the Ancient Mariner described as a merry din. ☞Old Q., who was reared to take his Pleasures Sadly, is a trifle apprehensive about another Four-Day Week-End in honor of New Year's.

☞Speaking of publishers' offices, Old Q. particularly enjoyed the first scene of "Aged 26," Anne Crawford Flexner's play about Keats, now running at the Lyceum Theatre. The curtain rises on the "Reading Room" of Taylor and Hessey's publishing house on Fleet Street, London, in the autumn of 1818. Mr. Taylor is showing Charles Armitage Brown the abominable reviews of *Endymion* in the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood.* And upon the scene come Gifford, Lockhart, Byron, and Shelley; shortly followed by Keats himself. ☞The author has given some romantic build-up to the character of Fanny Brawne, but agreeably enough, and the role of Keats is admirably rendered by Robert Harris. Indeed the whole casting and direction was most happy—with one trifling exception which asinine Old Q.'s eye for the picayune could not help noticing. Keats should not wear bedroom slippers *with rubber heels.* ☞The play is moving and enjoyable, gives the Keats lover a happy tingle, and in the brief appearances of Dr. Sawrey (who had already lost one Keats patient, brother Tom), you will enjoy one of the most delightful old actors ever seen on the stage. (Mr. A. G. Andrews.) ☞It would be unmannerly not to record also Mr. Kenneth McKenna's attractive Armitage Brown. The play has obvious rifts, but they are loaded with ore, and some young people of school and college era who went with us came back in huge delight and fell to reading *Endymion.* ☞As for Gifford and Lockhart, they were ready to shoot them at sight. Their excitement would have delighted Anne Crawford Flexner.

☞Old Q. looks forward to reading *The Street of the Fishing Cat,* by Jolán Foldës (Hungarian), just published by Farrar & Rinehart. ☞The announcement of the title gave us a thrill of incredulity: we thought we were the only person who had ever had the excitement of discovering that little alley down by the Seine. ☞It was in 1912, our first visit to Paris, that we stumbled into the Rue du Chat Qui Pêche and we still remember that some urchin had altered the word *Pêche* to *Péché* on the wall, thus ungrammatically suggesting the Street of the Sinful Cat. ☞For many years we contemplated writing a story about that alleyway ourself, and even put several pages of it on paper, so we have special reason for wishing Jolan Foldës's book good luck. ☞Which indeed it has already had: it won the All-Nations Prize Novel Competition, which amounts to about $19,000.

☞We were amused to note that the ale bibbers are now adopting the methods of de luxe boblishers. A group of cheerful Britons, Cantabs evidently, remembering the tang and buzz of the famous Trinity College Audit Ale, have formed a Trinity Audit Ale Association, and offer a "limited issue" of 500 numbered cases, each case autographed by a director. ☞Merry XXXmas, they cried, with a *Treble* X; *please,* boys, don't call it, as you do in your letter, "*Triple* X." ☞At Oxford, anyhow, it was always *Treble.* Do you remember the cask of Bass that came to old Professor Saintsbury addressed "Mr. George Saintsbury. Full to the Bung"? He detached the card and preserved it as a testimonial. But presumably you know your *Notes on a Cellar Book?*

☞We have so often and for so many years been assured that Arthur Brisbane was a Great Reporter, we wish someone would reprint just one story of his to prove it to us—we mean a story that reported something in the first instance, not a snappy rewrite of already gathered news. ☞When we hear of Great Reporters we think of, say, Rudyard Kipling or Richard Harding Davis or Bill McGeehan. Did Mr. Brisbane ever do any first-rate first-hand reporting? If so, we'd sincerely like to know about it.

☞B. Westermann Company, 24 West 48, famous importers of European books since 1848, have opened an enlarged department of American books, in charge of Mr. James Leary. ☞Collectors of Aviana should be interested in Rufus Porter's *Aerial Navigation.* The subtitle is: *The Practicability of Traveling Pleasantly and Safely from New York to California in Three days*—the date of publication was 1849. Gelber, Lilienthal, Inc., 336 Sutter St., San Francisco, offers the 1935 reprint of this scarce oddity for $3.50.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 144)

A. E. HOUSMAN—
"WHEN FIRST MY WAY."

When first my way to fair I took
Few pence in purse had I,
And long I used to stand and look
At things I could not buy.

Now times are altered; if I care
To buy a thing, I can;
The pence are here, and here's the fair—
But where's the lost young man?

(From "Last Poems," by A. E. Housman: New York: Henry Holt & Co. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED